

# The Saturday Review

No. 2193, Vol. 84.

6 November, 1897.

Price 6d.

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## NOTES.

SIR ALFRED MILNER has gone northwards to the opening of the railway as far as Buluwayo, accompanied by Sir James Sivewright, and Mr. Rhodes is conspicuous by his absence. He is ill, we are told by the newsmongers, very ill, and could not travel. We take all these statements with the usual grain of salt. Was it the presence of Sir Alfred Milner in the company of Sir James Sivewright that kept Mr. Rhodes away from the scene of what should have been one of his greatest triumphs? After all, the completion of the railway is due to Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Rhodes alone, and therefore we regret his absence from Buluwayo, whatever the cause may have been.

And so Lord Rosmead is dead! It seems but the other day that we sat with him in his room at Government House, Capetown, and talked of the Raid that had just taken place, and lamented its foolish inception, the tragic disunion of the two races which it had brought about, and the natural suspicion which it would undoubtedly leave as a legacy to the future of South Africa. Our talk ranged over many subjects, for we had not met for some time, and had been in the past on fairly intimate terms. It is interesting now to remember three points which Sir Hercules Robinson made and which surprised us greatly at the moment.

First of all, he spoke of Mr. Chamberlain. He represented the Colonial Secretary as a busybody. "All the negotiations with Khama and Bathoen and Sebele should have been conducted here," he said emphatically. "But Mr. Chamberlain took it upon himself to conduct them all in London, and that led to endless mischief. I didn't know where I was and had to call Newton to Capetown, and so remained in ignorance of Jameson's movements. I knew of the first two troops of the Matabeleland force that came southward to Pitsani, but I never heard of the other troops. It was all Chamberlain's fault.

"Of course he is taking all the credit of having issued the proclamation that stopped any possible rising on the part of the Johannesburgers, and of having sent me to Pretoria to prevent a row between Kruger and his subjects in Johannesburg, or, what would have been worse still, a row between Kruger and England in regard to Kruger's prisoners, whereas he absolutely counted for nothing in the whole business. On my own responsibility I sent the telegram to recall Jameson, and issued the proclamation commanding all the Queen's subjects in the Transvaal to give neither aid nor assistance to Jameson or his force. In fact I never had a word from Chamberlain till I was getting on board the

train on Thursday to go to Pretoria, and then his wire merely told me that he approved of what I had done and intended doing.

"And now he claims all the credit. The man is not a gentleman. No gentleman would act so to his subordinates. By the way, there's a good story about him. A man, talking to one of the principal officials at the Colonial Office about Chamberlain's appointment as Colonial Secretary, said, 'My goodness, I pity you now, with Chamberlain as your master: you're not likely to have what Americans call a good time of it.' 'Oh,' replied the permanent official, shrugging his shoulders, 'he'll be too busy intriguing against his colleagues in the Cabinet to give us much trouble.'" And Sir Hercules laughed, with keenest appreciation of the thrust.

The second point Sir Hercules made was with regard to Mr. Rhodes. "But, after all," we said, "Rhodes was the first, wasn't he, to say that English dominion in South Africa should run from Table Mountain to the Zambesi?" "Nonsense," replied Robinson; "that Table Mountain story is bosh. Bartle Frere was before me and before Rhodes, and almost his first speech in Capetown was that the dominion of England should stretch from Capetown to the Zambesi. Rhodes is not an innovator; he's a millionaire!"

The third point Sir Hercules made was as to the meaning of the 1884 Convention with the Transvaal. "People in England insist," we said, "that the suzerainty was implied in the 1884 Convention as it was explicit in that of 1881; is this true?" "Well," he said, "I ought to know, as I drafted it. The meaning 'suzerainty' was withdrawn and the word left out purposely. Kruger was not content with the 1881 Convention because of the claim to suzerainty, and we meant to withdraw the claim in 1884. What's the good of claiming more power than you've got?" We do not pretend that all these utterances of Sir Hercules Robinson were wise or discreet, but we cannot refuse our gratitude to a public servant who in a moment of great difficulty acted boldly in the true interests of the Empire. If the Dutch in Cape Colony are still loyal to the English connexion the credit is chiefly due to him who was Lord Rosmead.

Amongst the many explanations of the strange fact that some millions of honest people in New York permit themselves, election after election, to be made the victims of a clique of wire-pullers who have been proved to be—individually and collectively—thieves, none of the newspapers or their correspondents have hit upon that afforded by the number and complexity of the personal issues involved in a single election. Even

the Londoner, with his experience of centuries of representative government to guide him, feels worried and bewildered when (as will be the case in a few days) he has to choose six or seven names from a list of a dozen or a score at the School Board Election. But on Tuesday in New York a single "full ticket" consisted of a hundred and fifty-three names, and these had to be selected from the "blanket," an enormous broadsheet containing from five hundred to six hundred names. Suppose the London ratepayer had at one contest and on a single ballot-paper to choose *all* the members of Parliament for the metropolis, and also the members of the County Council and of the School Board, with the Lord Mayor, the Judges of the High Court and police magistrates thrown in, he would probably do as the respectable New Yorker does—give up the task in despair, and leave it to the professionals who have their living to make. Occasionally a Citizens' party is formed and makes a stand, or even wins a chance victory; but in the long run it goes to the wall. Until America adopts the *scrutin d'arrondissement* in place of the *scrutin de liste*, and reduces by about nine-tenths the number of elective offices, the honest citizen will stand a poor chance.

Humour in the "Times" office seems to flourish no more than literature. Being at a loss for serious points with which to meet the attacks on the Forward policy, it attempted on Wednesday, in an article on Chitral, to be humorous at the expense of Mr. John Morley and Mr. Asquith. Mr. Asquith says the Viceroy was informed on 13 June, 1895, of the decision of the Radical Government to abandon Chitral. Mr. Morley, according to the "Times," objects to being pinned down to any such statement. What *did* happen? asks the "Times." Why cannot these great men agree to an authentic pronouncement as to what course the Radical Government really adopted? The truth is that the only conflict of evidence is in the imagination of the "Times." Mr. Asquith does not assert that the full despatch, which Mr. Morley says was to have been sent, ever saw the light. He refers to the telegraphic message which conveyed the Radical Government's decision and appeared in the official papers published two years ago. The confusion rests with the "Times" and the "Times" alone.

Lord Rosebery gave us of his worst last Monday. But a combination of circumstances was against him. Party tradition, the associations of the place, the topic on which he had to dilate, all conspired against Lord Rosebery's better Imperial self. Lord Rosebery has in a full measure that most valuable and most dangerous of politician's gifts—the capacity to adapt himself to his surroundings. The Manchester speech should be circulated as an "awful warning" to young politicians. It was an interesting speech; it was an excellent speech; and it contained scarce a sentence which was not misleading, in terms or by implication. Here is an instance of the former: "... the imposition of protective duties, which we believe to be largely fatal to their industries." Lord Rosebery is speaking here of the European nations. Fifteen months ago Lord Rosebery called the most conspicuous of these nations a "formidable rival" who was "slowly creeping up to us," who had "gravely menaced British trade." A few weeks later he exclaimed in public, "I am afraid of Germany." A formidable trade rival then; its industries suffering from a fatal disease now. Has anything happened in the intervening months to justify this strange contradiction? An examination of export statistics shows that all through this year German and other foreign nations' exports have been growing; England's exports have been declining.

Here is an instance of the indirectly misleading statements in which Lord Rosebery indulged. "Farmers are now," he said, "not Scottish, or English, or Welsh, or Irish—they are cosmopolitan; they contend in markets, not with their neighbours or with adjoining counties, but with distant and virgin regions of the earth." The first part of this sentence is enigmatic; the second is literally true; the whole is intended to show the impossibility of helping home agriculture.

Could anything be more disingenuous? Could anything be more transparently foolish? It is exactly because of the terrific competition which our farmers are called upon to endure against the distant and virgin regions that the last argument of the Cobdenites—the natural protection of distance—is shattered, and the need for State protection to cover the farmer's nakedness in the face of the competition is imperatively needed. Yet this pitifully inept argument of Lord Rosebery's is seized upon by the "Daily News" for special honourable mention, and expanded thus: "Agriculture is now cosmopolitan, and prices are settled in the international exchanges." So, unless the "Daily News" is babbling the most meaningless nothings, we now have it on that great authority that the price of grain has become altogether independent of any particular country's power to control; it is an affair of international exchange, or international gambling; and any import duties which England might put upon foreign corn (receiving therefrom a valuable revenue) would have no effect upon the price to the English consumer. That is even farther than we go.

The latest indications in the engineering dispute seem to point to a more conciliatory attitude on the part of the Employers' Federation. The abundant financial support the men are receiving from all parts of the world must destroy altogether the hope of the employers that the men would be compelled to yield very shortly through sheer exhaustion. The more moderate members of the Employers' Federation are therefore beginning to exert their influence in favour of a conference at which the question of hours can be discussed, and it seems probable that the amended proposals of the Board of Trade will, with some further slight modifications, be accepted. The condition made by the employers appears to be that the lock-out shall continue until the dispute has been finally settled. The one outstanding point is the question of the chairman of the proposed conference. The men stick to their demand for an independent and outside chairman, a condition which the employers refuse to accept, the Board of Trade's suggestion being that each side shall appoint its own chairman. So the matter stands. In the meantime the British engineering industry is going to—the Germans, and the naval programme is suspended in the air. Whatever may be the result of the fight, it will have brought nearer the time when in the national interest the Board of Trade will have to be entrusted with powers of compulsory arbitration in labour disputes.

Mr. Chamberlain did not exactly shine in his sermon to the alumni of Glasgow University on Patriotism. The farce of conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws only made more patent the banality of his words and his thoughts. Clever politician as Mr. Chamberlain admittedly is, no one has ever credited him with any perception of deeper issues than momentary political advantage and the exaltation of his own personality. Sweetness and light are not elements of the mental atmosphere in which his alert intelligence lives. Only an orator could speak adequately of patriotism, and Mr. Chamberlain is no orator; he is only a clever debater. Only a profound student of history could have made clear the distinction between the two ideas of patriotism and cosmopolitanism and yet their close correlation, for there is no patriotism worth the name which does not combine with love of country a sense of the wider destinies of mankind; but Mr. Chamberlain is no student of history, only of political speeches and their speakers. A man of letters would never have been guilty of the bald commonplaces to which the new Doctor of Laws gave utterance; but every one knows that Mr. Chamberlain has not enough of letters to make even a political pamphleteer.

Ministerialists and Opposition are alike curiously feeble in their recess speeches. There is a half-heartedness about both the attack and the defence which gives the whole business a decidedly theatrical air. The wise man knows, of course, the whole time, that the business is theatrical, but it is not well that the actors should reveal this secret to the populace. When

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they have warmed to their work they will doubtless play their parts with more conviction. At Norwich, on Thursday, Mr. Balfour dealt in generalities, except when he referred to the question of the Voluntary schools, and it was just here that he went wrong. Most people are of opinion that the Voluntary Schools Act of last year has done as much as is necessary for the voluntary principle—at present, at any rate, since it has practically relieved its supporters of the obligation of volunteering subscriptions for their schools. How weary every one is of the religious controversy is shown by the languid interest that is being taken in the School Board elections, and we note with dread Mr. Balfour's intimation that the question may have to be re-opened.

It is more interesting to look into the speeches of the Ministerialists for indications of their projects for the coming Session than to watch the exchange of blows between the champions of the rival parties. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on Thursday—like the cautious Chancellor of the Exchequer that he is—put in his word with regard to the proposed increase in the Army. He repeated our warning that, although more money is doubtless needed, it is not only more money, but also some plan of getting better value for the money we already spend, that is most urgently wanted. That the question is to be dealt with next Session is certain, and it is not too soon to prepare for resistance to any mere proposal for providing the War Office with more money to waste.

The complement of judges is now complete; and if the various changes of the last few weeks do not leave the Bench much stronger, it is certainly not weaker. The Court of Appeal has gained, since the inclusion of Sir Richard Henn Collins and Sir Roland Vaughan Williams more than compensates for one weak spot—the Master of the Rolls. We do not look for æsthetic qualities in a judge, so his unfortunate manner does not tell seriously against the effectiveness of Sir Roland Vaughan Williams, in whom the outward man is in absolutely inverse relation to the ingenious and brilliant mind within. When you hear him deliver a judgment, you cannot, indeed, help quoting to yourself “parturiunt montes,” but the words once out, you promptly admit that the outcome is far from ridiculous. Mr. Channell's appointment is perfectly legitimate, and, after the Darling job, even refreshing.

Sir William Whiteway has been found out, and by the electors of Newfoundland, of all people. At last the Colonists have awakened to the fact that their best interests are not to be served by a politician who has never scrupled to adopt any course likely to advance his own ends. Some time ago the Governor of Newfoundland took it upon himself to modify certain flattering phrases referring to the work of the Ministry, which were embodied in the Queen's Speech. The constituencies now share the Governor's doubts as to the value of that work. Sir William Whiteway, at the last election, was unseated for corruption, and, in order to prevent his opponents from carrying on the business of the Colony, did things which no one outside a pantomime would dream of attempting. He barred the door of the Assembly and raided the Custom House and wrote letters to the London papers denouncing the constitutional iniquities of the Governor. Restored to power, he proceeded to play fast and loose with the question of federation with Canada and with the finances of the Colony in order to show a surplus when there was none. He has done more than any other English public man to reduce popular government to a farce.

The day before yesterday (4 November) was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The date has reminded us of a characteristic anecdote of his father in connexion with him and his equally famous grandsire, Moses Mendelssohn. When the fame of the young musician began to spread, the public which had hitherto referred to Abraham Mendelssohn, the well-known banker, as the son of the celebrated Moses, left off using that designation and adopted the new one of “the father of the

celebrated Felix.” When in 1835 Abraham Mendelssohn was dying, his friends and relations asked him if he had any particular instructions to leave with regard to his funeral. “Not with regard to my funeral,” was the answer, “only with regard to the obituary notices. Ask the journalists to call me by my own name for once. For the last ten years I have been the father of my son; previously to that I was the son of my father. I should like to have my last passport made out with my own initials.” Léon Halévy, the father of the author of “L'Abbé Constantin” and the brother of the composer of “Charles VI.” and “La Juive,” although even better entitled to individual mention in virtue of his talents as an author than Abraham Mendelssohn, preferred an almost similar request.

Mr. Gladstone's remark about Tennyson's wideawake, notwithstanding the veteran statesman's emendation, bids fair to become as historical as Sir Philip Warwick's criticism on Cromwell's hat. Here is a semi-historical parallel to both. In 1873, when there seemed a chance of a Bourbon Restoration in France, a staunch Legitimist, who was at the same time a most elegant man of the world, went to see the late Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf. In the course of the conversation the Count asked his trusty adherent what he would advise him to do in the event of his (the Count's) return to Paris. The visitor kept silent for a minute or so, eyeing his legitimate sovereign all the while. “Monseigneur,” he said at last, “I should advise you to change your tailor, for your trousers are not only old-fashioned but fit abominably.” “Thank you,” replied the Count, laughing; “whatever happens, whether I ascend the throne of France or not, I shall have had at any rate my own St. Eloi like King Dagobert.” St. Eloi, according to a very popular ballad, is supposed to have warned his royal master one day that he was wearing his trousers inside out.

After patting the Leamington Town Council on the back for declining to join the Trafalgar Day celebrations, the French papers are now bestowing compliments on the Lord Mayor-elect for his announced intention to omit the “Waterloo” and “Trafalgar” chariots from his Show. The coming Chief Magistrate for the City of London and the Warwickshire worthies are welcome to the praise, although it may be well to remind them that there are cases in which “too much honour constitutes half a disgrace,” as the Germans have it. Practically, however, we fail to see the difference of celebrating the anniversary of some great military or naval achievement and the perpetuating of the recollection of it by naming a street, a public square, or monument after it. The latter practice is common with all civilized nations, and the French are more prone to it than any other. Except in 1815, when Blücher wanted to destroy the Pont de Jéna (we believe), there was never a protest raised against the custom, and thus we have in Paris the Palais du Trocadéro, the Rue de Rivoli, the Pont d'Austerlitz, and so forth, just as we have in Berlin the Königgrätz Strasse, and in London Waterloo Bridge and Trafalgar Square.

The authorities of the Clergy Sustentation Fund are taking alarm at Lord Grimthorpe's recent declaration that he intended to reduce his annual contribution of £100 to half that amount, as a protest against the “aggressiveness and lawlessness of a majority of the clergy.” We see no real cause for alarm. The laity of the English Church, as a whole, have sense enough to know that Lord Grimthorpe is a hopeless crank, and, further, that it would be unreasonable and impossible for the administrative committees of the Fund to turn themselves into inquisitorial bodies. Their work is to increase, so far as their funds allow, the stipends of the poorest incumbents, without distinction of party. It is true that there is an “aggressive and lawless” section of the clergy; but, so far from being a majority, these men are a tiny, though noisy, minority.

We confess that we do not altogether like the speech in which the new Bishop of Bristol replied to the greeting of the Dean and Chapter upon the occasion of his recent enthronement. The personal note was more predominant than is altogether desirable under such

circumstances. There are peculiar difficulties besetting ecclesiastical affairs in the city and diocese of Bristol—the public had a glimpse of some of them in the matter of Canon Streatfeild's withdrawal from the vicarage of Clifton. Dr. Browne's tone does not seem to us promising, in view of his future treatment of these difficulties. A new Bishop, in such a position, is scarcely wise to "project his personality," with much emphasis, at the outset.

The diocesan conferences are much exercised about "Church Reform" and "Sunday Observance." The difficulty as to the former lies in the fact that all questions of real reform—as distinguished from reform of the paint-and-varnish order—are at bottom questions of property. Such, for instance, is patronage; and such is the freehold tenure of the incumbent. It is not to be supposed that either House of Parliament is likely to "reform" these thorny institutions for many a year to come, or to consent to their reform by other hands. We are inclined to think that a reform of persons, in the shape of the clergy themselves, their manners and customs, would do all that is needed, without drastic legislation. As to the Sunday question, it is useless for the parsons and the clerical laymen to lament. If laymen find that they get something worth going to church for, they will go to church; if not, they won't. That is the case in a nutshell; let the diocesan conferences crack it.

The great Masonic service at St. Paul's, in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the opening (which was first announced in the "Saturday Review"), is to be held on the afternoon of 2 December. The arrangements are in the hands of Archdeacon Sinclair, a past grand officer of the craft, with the assistance of a committee.

No one who read the recent review (25 September, p. 348) in our columns of Major Macdonald's account of his work in East Africa and of his treatment of the Soudanese chief, Selim Bey, will have been surprised at the news that the Soudanese troops have refused to serve under him and have returned to Uganda. Major Macdonald left England on a mission of great importance, and the withdrawal of his fighting force does not augur well for his success. If he cannot keep a troop of friendly Soudanese in hand for a fortnight, what chance of success has he with those who are openly hostile? It is now publicly announced, thanks to other indiscretions, that his reported delimitation mission in the Juba valley was merely a blind, and that his real destination is the district between Abyssinia, Uganda, and the Nile. If Major Macdonald has really been sent out as the British competitor in "the race for Fashoda," the present delay may be attended with serious consequences. Why Major Macdonald should have been selected appears inexplicable. The Government had two men who were ideally fitted for the work. Mr. Grant, of Uganda, was on the spot, and his influence with the Soudanese troops is supreme. Mr. A. H. Neumann knows the country around Lake Rudolf well, and his reputation for skill in handling natives is well known. The responsibility for the present breakdown must rest on those who placed Major Macdonald in a position in which he could not possibly succeed.

The "Daily Chronicle" has rushed violently down a steep place. We tried last week to close the controversy as to the comparative credibility of the King and Crown Prince of Greece and of our Correspondent by merely reiterating our belief in the inherent probability of our Correspondent's report. This was enough for the "Chronicle." Such moderation seemed to it weakness, and it cheerfully passed from insult of the Correspondent to insult of the Editor. In another part of this issue we acknowledge reluctantly that we have in our hands the complete and perfect corroboration of our Correspondent's sympathetic account of his interviews with the King and Crown Prince of Greece. And so, distressed at heart, we leave the Editor of the "Chronicle" and his esteemed Correspondent; there they are hurrying breathlessly to the fall amid the laughter of journalistic London.

## PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES:

A WARNING TO THE "CHRONICLE."

IN all that concerns Greece the "Daily Chronicle" has the worst of luck. Of course, in espousing the cause of Greece, it merely followed the old Liberal tradition. But its misfortunes began early; and the first and greatest of them was that it sent to Greece as Special Correspondent Mr. Henry Norman, whose enthusiastic admiration, not only for the Greeks, but especially for the King and Crown Prince of Greece, speedily made the paper the laughing-stock of sensible men. We took a more moderate view than did the "Chronicle" of Greek courage and Greek patriotism, and cherished a much more temperate esteem for the King and Crown Prince of Greece than did Mr. Henry Norman. The events of the war justified us, and the "Chronicle" was left mourning.

A few weeks ago we published an extraordinary article from a correspondent in the East, who reported that the King and Crown Prince of Greece were so anxious to avoid any personal responsibility for the outbreak of war and for its conduct, that they were not content to condemn their subjects for indiscipline and irresolution, but went so far as to speak contemptuously of Greek Ministers and Greek generals. As we have pointed out, this attitude of the King and Prince of Greece was eminently human, in spite of its sensationalism. We foresaw that it would provoke an official *démenti*, and we were not surprised when this *démenti* appeared in the "Daily Chronicle," and still less astonished when Mr. Henry Norman took it upon himself to amplify the official contradiction because, forsooth, "H.M. the King of the Hellenes had been pleased to inform" him, "through the Greek Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Greek Chargé d'Affaires in London," that . . . "in short, the whole report is a fiction." As we pointed out at the time, the peculiarity of the action of the "Daily Chronicle" was that, as soon as the official *démenti* appeared, belated and vague though it was, the Editor of the "Chronicle" spoke of our Correspondent's statements as "on the face of them insulting and incredible." Mr. Norman, in the letter referred to, went further than his chief, and treated our Correspondent's report as "an invention, ridiculous, preposterous," and so forth. These gentlemen preferred to condemn us before hearing us.

In reply we contented ourselves with insisting on the inherent credibility of our Correspondent's account, and declared our belief in the "intimate veracity" of it, in spite of the official contradiction. The moderation of our statement seems to have misled the "Chronicle." Mr. Henry Norman wrote us another letter, containing a long attack upon our Correspondent's honour, while admitting that he was not certain of this Correspondent's identity. For this reason we refused to publish Mr. Norman's letter, and answered him in a note warning him that he was injuring himself by persisting in this weird hysteria. Our well-meant warnings were unfortunately in vain. On Wednesday last Mr. Norman published in the "Chronicle" the letter which we refused to publish, and characteristically enough passed from abuse of our Correspondent to abuse of the "Saturday" and its Editor. He says:—"Having attacked me in the beginning by a piece of mendacity in the mouth of its Special Correspondent, the 'Saturday Review,' refusing to publish my reply, 'closes the controversy' with another piece of mendacity of its own."

And the Editor of the "Chronicle" is not satisfied with printing this unmannerly nonsense, but goes on to inform us in a note that our Correspondent is a man of notoriously bad character, and predicts that we shall see "that this man's word cannot be mentioned in the same breath with that of the King and Crown Prince of Greece." Now we beg to inform the Editor of the "Daily Chronicle" that this method of conducting a public controversy is extremely undignified, to use no stronger word; and we venture to advise him for the future to be less ready to attack his *confrères*. Our Correspondent's report of the interviews



with the King and Crown Prince of Greece was, we repeat, true in substance and in fact, and when we chose to defend it, the Editor even of the "Daily Chronicle" should have known that it was extremely probable that we could prove what we asserted.

Well, we *can* prove it. We have corroborative testimony of the strongest kind in support of our Correspondent's statements. An English gentleman of the highest character and unassailable integrity has assured us that the King and Crown Prince of Greece spoke to him in almost precisely the same terms as those used by our Correspondent. This impartial witness informed us that, save in some unimportant details, he could corroborate every statement made by our Correspondent. He preferred, he said, for pressing private reasons, which he set forth, and which we had to acknowledge were adequate, not to come forward publicly in support of our Correspondent and in refutation of the official *démenti* of the King and Crown Prince. But at the same time, he added, if it were absolutely necessary in vindication of the truth that he should make a public statement in regard to this controversy, he would do so. Now, such corroborative testimony as this is, we submit, conclusive—convincing evidence that the King and Crown Prince talked to our Correspondent as he asserts they talked. But the Editor of the "Daily Chronicle" may still prefer to disbelieve us. Who is this anonymous gentleman of perfect integrity? he may ask, shooting out the lip in scornful disbelief. We can meet this doubt, too. If the Editor of the "Chronicle" will promise not to divulge the gentleman's name, we will furnish him with it, and he can then write to him and satisfy himself as to the truth of all we have here set forth. Now will the Editor of the "Daily Chronicle" have the honesty to withdraw what he has written about our Correspondent's report? Whatever they were, the statements of our Correspondent were *not* "on the face of them insulting and incredible." For ourselves we require neither vindication nor apology. Men act according to their natures, and the spectacle of the Editor of the "Chronicle," a man of real ability, suffering himself to be led by the nose by the feather-brained Mr. Norman, is as interesting to us as Mr. Norman's flunkey-souled admiration of princelets and the corresponding facility with which he screams "Liar!" at those who are compelled to expose his exceeding gullibility.

#### THE CRISIS IN WEST AFRICA.

THE position in West Africa has undoubtedly a serious side. When half a dozen irresponsible French lieutenants, in command of small numbers of excellent Senegalese soldiers and of large numbers of armed natives, dignified by the name of auxiliaries, enter a declared British Protectorate, in which are stationed the troops of a British chartered Company, and into which are advancing troops of the Imperial Government, there is always a risk of collision. This danger is increased by the difficulty of furnishing satisfactory proof as to which side had fired the first shot. French officers are well aware that in any incident affecting the interests of France and England in West Africa, they can be assured of the noisy support of their Colonial party, in whose wake the Paris Government has so long been content to follow. The condonation of the advance on Timbuctoo, against the definite and positive instructions issued from Paris, is only one out of many instances in which officers have successfully forced the hand of the French Government and proved too strong to be dismissed. The French officers selected for aggressive operations in West Africa are for the most part connected with the extreme Colonial party, which has for years endeavoured to force the peace-loving majority of the French people into war with England, in the belief that we are not ready.

The principal incidents that have led up to the West African crisis have, however, an almost farcical side. There are, indeed, many portions of the immense regions in dispute, where the two nations have been racing for treaties or occupations, and where it is open for either side honestly to believe itself in the right. In

such cases it is not surprising that France should continue to maintain its troops pending the settlement, by commissions or otherwise, of questions of title. But this consideration does not exist in the case of the region to which the French Colonial party attach the highest importance. This is the natural Hinterland of Lagos, and is generally known as the triangle contained by the Middle Niger, the meridian of Say and the ninth parallel of North latitude. In August 1890, Lord Salisbury, on behalf of Her Majesty's Government and of the chartered Niger Company, concluded an Agreement with M. Waddington, on behalf of the French Republic, dividing into British and French spheres the region extending from the Bights of Benin and Biafra up to the coast of the Mediterranean. As regards space, the lion's share fell to France. The line of demarcation was to run from Say to Barua on Lake Tchad; but as a direct line would have given to France a portion of the Sokoto Empire, it was to be drawn so as to leave to the Niger Company, or, in other words, to Great Britain, all that equitably belonged to Sokoto. The town of Say, one of the terminals of the line, was expressly chosen on the west or right bank of the Middle Niger so as to leave both banks of the river below that point in the British sphere for the thousand miles down to the mouth, while leaving to France both banks of the river for the fifteen hundred miles up to its source. In concluding this Agreement, Great Britain gave up her treaty rights to a considerable stretch of the river above Say. On both sides of the Channel the purport of the Agreement was thoroughly understood. Every important French newspaper recognized that the meaning was that England was to exercise her influence over all the regions to the south of the Say-Barua line. As the meridian of Say is practically coincident with the previously arranged (1889) frontier between Lagos and the French settlements on the Dahomey coast, and as the meridian of Barua is practically coincident with the extremity of the previously arranged (1886) frontier between British Nigeria and the German Cameroons, there was no need to specify any further boundaries. The French Press, during the week following the publication of the Agreement, was naturally divided into two camps. The Government organs pointed out the advantages that France had secured. The Opposition organs declared that France had been betrayed. But they were unanimous as to the effect of the Agreement—namely, that England had secured everything between the meridians of Say and Barua to the south of the line of demarcation.

It is amusing to compare the interpretations which they now advance with those they held in August 1890. The change in their views of the Agreement date from the French conquest of Dahomey in 1892. It may be admitted that the expenditure of blood and money in this enterprise gave France strong claims to the unconquered Hinterland of Dahomey, but it could not override the rights of England, secured by the Agreement of August 1890, and by a treaty with Boussa in January 1890, to the triangular region forming the Hinterland of the British Colony of Lagos. In 1893 the French Press commenced to explain away the Anglo-French Agreement. One of the most outspoken of the Colonial organs, the "Soir," contented itself with the declaration that the Agreement was contrary to French interests, should never have been signed, and should be simply set aside. This extreme view did not commend itself to the other organs, which sought to invalidate the very effects of the Agreement which they had three years before fully recognized. Their arguments were, however, inconsistent. The first was that the Agreement was unilateral; securing to France everything between the Mediterranean and the Say-Barua line, but not securing British influence to the south of that line. To this argument the Niger Company replied that the Agreement was evidently bilateral, because it specifically secured to England something south of the line—namely, all that belonged to the Sokoto Empire. The French Press then fell back on the theory that the Agreement was admittedly bilateral, but that it intended only to secure to England such regions south of the line as belonged to Sokoto. To this it was replied that the breadth of the Sokoto Empire extended over little more than one

half of the Say-Barua line, so that in fixing a line from Say to Barua a great deal more than the Sokoto Empire must be covered by the Agreement. The more moderate French newspapers then fell back on the theory that, although the regions south of the Say-Barua line fell within the British sphere, the western frontier was the Middle Niger, and not, as would logically be the case, the meridian of Say; or, in other words, a line passing through Say at right angles to the Say-Barua line. As a matter of fact, the Agreement says not a word to warrant this restriction; and where a line of demarcation is drawn without such specification, it must give mutual protection from aggression of the regions lying on either side of it, between boundary lines passing at right angles through its extremities; as otherwise either contracting Power might, at pleasure, bend these boundary lines inwards, leaving no territory whatever to the other Power. This contention is at entire variance with the universal interpretation in August 1890. It is curious to note that the "République Française," which has been mainly quoted on behalf of the recent French view, declared in August 1890 that "The line drawn from Say to Lake Tchad places the kingdoms of Borgu, Haoussa, and Bornu, the richest and most populous parts of the Soudan, within the sphere of the British possessions." Prior to the Agreement the Niger Company had obtained a treaty from the King of Boussa, a territory which extends over all the important portion of the triangle, placing his dominions under the Protectorate of Great Britain. In 1894 a French officer, Captain Toutée, established a fort in Boussa territory and within the triangle. Lord Rosebery made representations to the French Government, and he was, very properly, withdrawn. The Niger Company then established two military posts in Boussa territory, and matters rested there for nearly a year. During 1895 and 1896 the French Colonial party put forward and urged on public opinion a new principle of international law; namely, that detachments of French troops might occupy any town in Western Africa where no troops of other countries were quartered. This principle had been proposed at the Berlin Conference and applied to the coasts of the African continent; but at the instance of France its application to the interior of the continent, or even to the coasts of Madagascar, was unanimously rejected by the fourteen nations. When therefore France recently endeavoured to act on this principle in her relations with Germany, a joint Commission was appointed, and an arrangement arrived at on the principles on which all West African questions have heretofore been settled—namely, priority of treaties with native potentates and rights of Hinterland to a reasonable distance. When French troops entered Boussa territory last January there were already two British posts established there. From every point of view, therefore, it is difficult to see how France can refuse to abide by the rules of international law which she herself had pressed on the Berlin Conference, and withdraw her detachments from Boussa territory pending the discussions of the Commission. If she refuses to take this step, the responsibility for collisions in that region will undoubtedly rest upon her. AFRICANUS.

#### HOW TO BEHAVE.

THE turgid conditions of modern life are fatal to good manners. To be oneself is the true basis of all good manners, and in this age of fuss and struggle no man can afford (or believes that he can afford) to be himself. In remote parts of the country, especially in the western districts of Dorsetshire, you will meet peasants who are models of good breeding, for that they are at ease and do not ape whom they take to be their betters. I am told that those aristocrats, who, for this or that reason, hold aloof from the strife of society, have excellent manners, also. But for the rest! How vile are the manners of all those who are in touch with modern life and with that democracy which so woefully confuses what it can never alter! In France, which is democratic in name only, and which shows a cheerful acquiescence in the natural divisions of class from class, the manners reach a very high average level. In England, which is

(in all but name) democratic, there are few indeed who know how to behave. The lower class is learning the piano and apes the middle class; the middle class affects the distinguished languor of the upper class, which, in its turn, has fallen back on the crude horseplay and bad grammar of the lower class. Between Bill Sikes's imitation of me, mine of Lord Tom Noddy, and Lord Tom Noddy's of Bill Sikes, there is nothing to choose. All those are dismal failures. In private life, I for my part shall doubtless persist in my effort to be mistaken by strangers for a member of the *beau monde*. But I am quite ready to admit that my manners are absurd. I wish I had enough moral courage to withstand the evil influence of my time and be in life, as in literature, myself. Democracy, which is but snobbishness rampant and triumphant, will not let me. I remain a snob in a land of snobs.

It is inevitable that some folk should profit by the general snobbishness of Englishmen and their desperate striving after modes of behaviour not their own. Every year produces fresh authorities who profess themselves able to divulge the secret of good manners. I need hardly point out the fallacy of these social crammers. Good manners cannot be "got up" like dates or charters. They are no more communicable, in this rough-and-ready way, than is literary style. You can tell your pupil not to split an infinitive or not to eat peas with his knife, but, with due deference to Sir Walter Besant, you cannot, be you never so patient, give him the instinct not to do these things, and it is instinct, unfortunately, which matters. Nor can you, with a hundred such books as "The Art of Conversing,"\* which is open before me, loose the tongue which cleaves so shyly to the roof of your pupil's mouth. A hundred such books! I wonder how many of them have been published in the Victorian era, and whether anyone has a good collection of them, with a catalogue. Between all that I have had the pleasure of seeing there is much in common, for they are all equally devoted to the inculcation of things which no one could avoid doing, and things which no one in his senses could ever do. I take, at random, two specimens from an early Victorian manual:—"When entering the *boudoir* of a lady friend, a gentleman should be careful to remove his hat"; and, "If at a dinner-party you have the honour to sit next your hostess, and she depute to you the duty of carving a leg of mutton, and if, in doing so, you inadvertently upset this joint into your hostess's lap, do not, as the vulgar would, apologize profusely and offer to buy her a new dress, but pass it off lightly as a joke." Strange though it seem, the arbiter of conversation and etiquette in the present day has made no great advance from such modes of wisdom. Here, taken from the "Art of Conversing," is an "opening" for a conversation between two strangers at a dinner-party: "'I think you know Hamburg [? Homburg] well; there is an idea of our going there next week.' 'I have not been to any of the German Spas for health or amusement; my time has not yet come for a course of waters—I suppose it will some day. Now if you had asked me about Japan it would have been a different matter; I have been there three times,' &c.; and this would suggest some leading observations concerning this distant region, its climate, its people, and so on.'" With such chalk-eggs as these our author sprinkles the social poultry-yard. Indeed, were not the goodness of his intentions so very patent, one might almost suspect him of being a Mephisto, bent on all manner of horrid mischief. Anyone tempted so far as to obey his precepts would find himself a pariah in no time. The author takes the case of a man who wishes to refuse a verbal invitation for a theatre-and-supper party, and his prolific fancy conjures forth several possible excuses, of which "'Tell me a little more about it. Who have you asked? Anyone I know?' &c.," is not the least delightful. I must not spoil my reader's appetite for the superb banquet that awaits him 'twixt the covers of this book. But I cannot forbear to quote the case of a lady who is asked, "May I take these two songs to try over? I would

\* The Art of Conversing; or, Dialogues of the Day." F. Warne & Co.



not keep them very long," and whom the author would have reply, "No, I don't think you may; I shall want them myself this evening. I am afraid you are not very good at returning music. You have one or two songs of mine already, you know."

Like all the books of its kind, this "Art of Conversation" is anonymous. It is simply "by a Member of the Aristocracy." I confess that I should like immensely to know who this is. It is obvious that he does not belong to the Aristocracy of Intellect; *argal*, he must be one of those who figure in Debrett. He himself seems to have anticipated his reader's curiosity, for he writes that "the desire to associate the personality of the writer with his or her creations is a very common one, shared in by all men and women alike, and anything that can be said on this head offers an agreeable channel for conversation." What an agreeable channel would be offered by the disclosure of his name and title! Latest-born of a long, mysterious line of inane writers, eternal and perfect type of the authorities on social etiquette, who is he? Under what star was he born? In whose arms dandled? Where educated? Let not the sun go down on his anonymity. On the second edition of his book, at latest, let his full name and title be blazoned, for my curiosity is too fearful. In the meantime, I suspect the Marquis of Lorne.

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### HENRY GEORGE.

THE candidature of Henry George for the Mayoralty of the newly formed Greater New York and his sudden death at the crisis of the contest have recalled to Englishmen, by whom he had been almost forgotten, the memory of the great, if passing, influence which his book "Progress and Poverty" and he himself exercised in this country in the early years of the last decade. It will be regarded, I think, in time to come as somewhat strange that he should ever have attained to the great position which at one period he undoubtedly held in popular estimation on both sides of the Atlantic. His book did more to awaken men's minds by reason of its blunders than it could possibly have effected had its reasoning been as sound as its rhetoric is telling. "Progress and Poverty" made its appearance at precisely the right moment, and it was written in precisely the sort of style to attract the mass of the people. In America the revolt against the growing power of wholly unscrupulous capitalism was just beginning, and men were eager to listen to a man who told them, in nicely turned newspaper phrases, with a wealth of illustration that amounted almost to genius, that he possessed a panacea for all the social ills which threatened then, and threaten still more seriously to-day, the well-being and stability of the great Republic. In Ireland the ever-present land question had taken a critical turn, owing to the famine of 1880 and the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill by the House of Lords, not long after the publication of his work, and Irish agitators of the school of Mr. Michael Davitt eagerly seized upon George's theories and applied them to the solution of the land problem in their own island. Many circumstances combined also to secure for "Progress and Poverty" a favourable reception in this country. This was certainly one of those exceptional cases in which the educated classes were compelled to read a work by the popularity that it had gained among the uneducated. "Progress and Poverty" owed its acceptance in Great Britain to the efforts of a few comparatively unknown journalists, who persistently declared that Mr. Henry George had provided the end of the nineteenth century with a new gospel which would revolutionize and illumine modern society. As his attacks, also, were directed almost entirely against the landlords, and his idea was to tax them out of existence as speedily as might be, not a few capitalists were found who accepted this not inconvenient doctrine as a genuine economic revelation, and subscribed funds liberally to carry on the good work against their traditional enemies. Thus it came about that in 1882 and 1883 the name of Mr. Henry George became more widely known in Europe than that of any economist had ever been before; and some even believed that the single tax on land values would become the

law in many countries before the end of the century. The late Mr. Arnold Toynbee, it will be remembered, was one of those who greatly overestimated the probable extent and duration of Mr. Henry George's influence; and, in spite of the strong remonstrances of more than one of his acquaintances, who represented to him that George was doing good work in stirring up people to think, while so soon as they did think his errors would be detected and his power at an end, he sacrificed his life in an endeavour to convince a somewhat turbulent audience, a little too soon, that the "unearned increment of rent" did not cover the whole ground of political economy. It was a bootless martyrdom. A few short years and the same Londoners who interrupted him became in the natural sequence of events much stronger opponents of George and his theories than Toynbee was himself.

It is unnecessary at this time of day to enlarge upon Mr. Henry George's shortcomings as a teacher. To call him a political economist or a Socialist is to mistake the man. He was neither the one nor the other. "Progress and Poverty" bristles with blunders. That a man of George's natural good sense should not have seen that interest and profit in their various forms absorb far more of the wealth of modern society than rent, and that, according to his views in regard to the land, such deductions from the products of labour were equally flagitious with the landlords' demands, seems incredible. But so it was. As he says himself, to him all that was not wages was rent. The intermediate appropriations he either overlooked altogether or justified on ethical grounds, which he borrowed from that discredited writer Bastiat and his "economic harmonies." That he owed the groundwork of his book to Quesnay and the other so-called physiocrats he was, I believe, quite ignorant of until he came to England; but, whether he was or not, he was quite determined to shut his eyes to any phase of modern industrial society which was not dominated by the single tax. Even his "Social Problems," written after his visit to Europe, fails to show any thorough grasp of the complications of nineteenth-century industry. "Single Tax" and "Free-trade"—these were Henry George's two simple remedies for all the social ills which flesh is heir to. Just in the same way that he failed to see that confiscation of rent by no means involved co-operative production on the land, so he was incapable of detecting that mere Free-trade might be no better, or even worse, for a given population than Protection. George was a profound believer in God, and he extended the imprimatur of His Deity to his two economic fads. These he preached, if not with the eloquence, at any rate with the fervour, of an apostle. He was as much surprised that others could not accept these saving doctrines with his primitive faith as they were that he should be unable to recognize their complete insufficiency for existing social needs. As he grew older George went backwards rather than forwards. The highest point of his career was when he polled 68,000 votes as the Reform Mayor candidate for the old New York City in 1886. At that moment he could have gathered the whole advanced section of the United States behind him. Unfortunately, though personally incorruptible, he came more and more under capitalist influence, fell out with the Socialists, threw in his lot with the regular Democratic party, denounced the railway strikers at Chicago, and began to be regarded all round as a played-out force, until he reappeared with the cry of "God and Greenbacks" in an honest if futile attempt to break down "bossism" in corrupt and cosmopolitan New York. He died in the effort, and the manner of his death will efface the memory of his errors.

Few can speak of Henry George's personal charm of character and disposition with more confidence than I can. He and his family were the guests of my wife and myself for several weeks when he visited England for the first time. He was then at the height of his reputation. I have never seen or read of a man so little affected by sudden and astounding success. From first to last he remained the simple, unaffected, genuine good fellow which in himself he really was. In my own controversies with him, first in the "Nineteenth Century", and afterwards on the platform in St. James's Hall, he

exhibited the same charming temper that he did in private life. We Socialists felt convinced that a man who went so far could not fail to go farther, and some of us spared no pains to secure George as a recruit. But it was all to no purpose. His views as to *meum* and *tuum* inevitably led up to his nostrum, as was wittily remarked at Oxford. Do what you would, to the Single Tax he returned and to the Single Tax he devoted himself. Beyond that and Free-trade he would not budge. His enthusiasm would not permit him to see the force of reason; his anxiety to be practical confined his mind to a single idea. That his work was done cannot be disputed. He stirred up thought by propagating error with as much success as any man that ever lived. He has died in a chivalrous attempt to accomplish the impossible without even organizing his forces for the struggle. In a period when the highest ideals of the United States seem to be swindling at home and braggadocio abroad, Henry George, with all his mistakes, gave us an example of an honest, modest, self-taught American whose success in catching the ear of the world never turned his head for a moment.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

#### A SUMMER'S EVENING IN MOROCCO.

AT long length the apparently interminable undulating hills are passed and our caravan, weary with its hot journey on a summer's day in Morocco, nears its destination. One little valley more remains to be crossed, where in the muddy stream we can water our animals; one more low range of hills to be climbed, and our camping-ground for the night is reached.

The sun is sinking toward the West and the whole sky is ablaze with the strange white effulgence which tells of approaching evening. With strained necks and weary gait our half-dozen horses and mules tramp onward, and the stolid Arab caravan-men scarcely ever speak. There is a slight show of hurry as we near the stream; then a dismounting of men, a removing of the beasts' bridles, and men, horses and mules plunge into the water.

Ten minutes' rest, while the animals drink and we bathe our parched faces and arms, and then on again for the last little stage of our fifteen hours' march. Up the hard clay road, worn deep into the hillside by the traffic of a thousand caravans, between scorched fields of stubble and dry thistles, until at length the summit is reached, and before us we can see the little white village with its gardens of olives and oranges where we are to spend the night. From the spot where we stand to the glow of the sunset sky extends one vast plain, seemingly immeasurable, dying away in distance in streaks of cobalt blue and crimson. It is almost sunset now and the great orb of fire is brickdust red as it sinks near the horizon into the heat mist that rises from the parched soil, the heat mist that renders it almost impossible to distinguish where the plain ends and space begins. There is not a cloud to be seen; above us the heated atmosphere still appears as a sheet of green molten metal which changes nearer the horizon into every shade of gold, red and yellow. The plain stretching away below us boasts of every combination of deep purples, blues, and greens, yet so subtly blended, so soft, that there is no crude contrast of colour. From the marshes and river-bed away to the right the white mists of evening are already rising. Not a hill, scarcely an undulation in the plain, is visible, and the entire absence of trees, except those surrounding the little village, adds to the fantastic impression of immeasurable expanse. But life is not wanting, for half a mile away below us a circle of low black tents tells of the pastoral Arabs who inhabit this great plain. Further away, where the haze of evening hides the detail, one can trace fine coils of smoke rising like pillars into the sky and telling of tent-villages beyond. In the still air the monotonous grinding of the hand corn-mills is heard by us on the hillside, and the cries and laughter of women as with their pitchers on their backs they troop in single file to the wells. The lowing cattle collect from all sides, driven to the villages by the sharp cries of the herdsmen, and here across the foreground, returning from the hills at the head of his flock, breathing

sweet music from his little flute of cane as he goes, pass the goatherd and his brother. Indistinct in the darkening eve, the flocks and herds follow them, bleating as they go. Close by the side of the musician's brother run two of the goats gazing with upturned faces on the little kids, born to-day, which he bears in his arms. A long line of weary camels, with outstretched necks and swaying paces, collect near by and lie down, groaning and grunting as their heavy burdens are removed by the caravan men. The sun has set.

From the little mosque of the village arises the watchword of Islam, and with long-sustained musical notes the "mueddin" calls the faithful to prayer. In the gathering gloom one sees the Arabs congregating at the mosque, and a minute later the monotonous buzz of their prayers is heard.

Then for a moment the sky is illumined, and the strange afterglow, a gauzy mist of golden film, envelops the whole scene. The plain becomes crimson once again, and the heavens are ablaze with shafts of light. Black and gloomy against the glowing sky stands the outline of the stone village and its gardens. The owl ceases her already commenced hoot-hoot, and silence reigns.

It is but for a few moments and then night falls, so swiftly, so surely that it seems as though a veil were drawn over the scene. The cattle cease their lowing and the flocks and herds their bleating, and in their place the watchdogs bark. Where but a minute ago the tents were visible there is nought distinguishable now but the glow of the camp fires. The falling heavy dew brings forth the pent-up fragrance of the earth, and the night air is heavy with the scent of the orange blossom in the gardens near by.

For an hour the stars reign over the world, the deep sapphire sky ablaze with their myriad fires; then they in turn fade before the moon, as, through the steamy mist of the plain, she rises in the East.

Then all the world is silver, and silence reigns supreme, except for the little owls in the olive-trees.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

#### AN APPRECIATION OF PROFESSOR PALGRAVE.

A FAMILIAR figure in literary circles, a fine critic, a graceful and scholarly minor poet, and one whose name will long be held in affectionate remembrance by lovers of English poetry, has passed away in the person of Francis Turner Palgrave. It would be absurd to place him beside Matthew Arnold—to whose genius, to whose characteristic accomplishments, to whose authority and influence he had no pretension; and yet it may be questioned whether, after Arnold, any other critic of our time contributed so much to educate public taste where in this country it most needs such education. If, as a nurse of poets and in poetic achievement, England stands second to no nation in Europe, in no nation in the world has the standard of popular taste been so low, has the insensibility to what is excellent and the perverse preference of what is mediocre to what is of the first order been so signally, so deplorably, conspicuous. The generation which produced Wordsworth preferred Moore, and no less a person than the author of "Vanity Fair" wrote:—"Old daddy Wordsworth may bless his stars if he ever gets high enough in Heaven to black Tommy Moore's boots." While the readers of Keats might have been numbered on his fingers, Robert Montgomery's "Satan" and "Omnipresence of the Deity" were going through their twelfth editions. During many years for ten readers of Browning's poems there were a hundred thousand for Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," while the popularity of Mrs. Browning was as a wan shadow to the meridian splendour of Eliza Cook. Whoever will turn to the criticism of current reviews and magazines forty years ago will have no difficulty in understanding the diathesis described by Matthew Arnold as "on the side of beauty and taste, vulgarity, on the side of morality and feeling, coarseness, on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence." Whoever will turn to nine out of the ten Anthologies most in vogue before 1861 will understand that the same instinct which in the Dark Ages led men to prefer Sedulius and



Avitus to Catullus and Horace, Statius to Virgil, and Hroswitha to Terence, led these editors to analogous selections.

Making every allowance for the co-operation of other causes, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the appearance of the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" in 1861 initiated an era in popular taste. It remains now incomparably the best selection of its kind in existence. Its distinctive feature is the characteristic which differentiates it from all the anthologies which preceded or have followed it. It was to include nothing which was not first rate; there was to be no compromise with the second rate; if its gems varied, as gems do, in value, each was to be of the first water. With patient and scrupulous diligence, the whole body of English poetry from Surrey to Wordsworth was explored and sifted. After due rejections, each piece in the residue was considered, weighed, tested. And here Mr. Palgrave had assistance more invaluable than any other anthologist in the world has had—that of the illustrious poet to whom the volume was dedicated. It may be safely said of Tennyson that nature and culture had qualified him for being as great a critic as he was a poet. His taste was probably infallible; his touchstones and standards were derived not merely from the masters who had taught him his own art, but from a wonderfully catholic and sympathetic communion with all that was best in every sphere of influential artistic activity. The consequence is that a book like the "Golden Treasury," especially when taken in conjunction with the notes, which form an admirable commentary on the text, may be said to lay something more than the foundation of a sound critical education. What the "Golden Treasury" is to readers of a maturer age the "Children's Treasury" is to younger readers. It is a great pity that such inferior works as many which we could name are allowed in our schools to supplant such a work as Palgrave's. The same exquisite taste and nice discernment mark his other Anthologies, his selections from Herrick, and Tennyson, and, though I think in a less degree, his "Treasury of English Sacred Poetry," and his recently published supplement to the "Golden Treasury." It is probably impossible to overrate the salutary influence which these works have exercised.

There is no arguing on matters of taste, and exception might easily be taken sometimes to Palgrave's judgment as a compiler and sometimes to his dicta as a critic. But this at least must be conceded by everybody that in the best and most comprehensive sense of the term he was a man of classical temper, taste and culture, and that he had all the insight and discernment, all the instincts and sympathies, which are the result of such qualifications. He had no taint of vulgarity, of charlatanism, of insincerity. He never talked or wrote the cant of the cliques or of the multitude. He understood and loved what was excellent, he had no toleration for what was common and second rate; he was not of the crowd. He belonged to the same type of men as Matthew Arnold and William Cory, a type peculiar to our old Universities before things took the turn which they are taking now. As a scholar Palgrave was rather elegant than profound or exact, and to judge from a series of lectures delivered by him as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, on "Landscape in Classical Poetry," and afterwards published in a work which was reviewed in these columns, his acquaintance with the Greek and Roman poets was, if sympathetic, somewhat superficial. But he was getting old, and perhaps he had lost his memory or his notes. As a poet he was the author of four volumes, the earliest, published in 1864, entitled "Idylls and Songs," and the latest, published in 1892, "Amenophis; and other Poems." But his most ambitious effort appeared in 1882, "Visions of England," written with the laudable effort of stirring up in the young the spirit of patriotism. His poetry may be not inaptly described in the sentence in which Dr. Johnson sums up the characteristics of Addison's verses:—"Polished and pure, the production of a mind too judicious to commit faults, but not sufficiently vigorous to attain excellence." Perhaps they served their end in procuring for him the honourable appointment which he filled competently for ten years—that of

the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. It may be said of him as was said of Southey and Agricola, he was a good man and not a bad poet; *decentior quam sublimior fuit*.  
J. CHURTON COLLINS.

#### CONCERTS AND OPERA.

THE energy of the Carl Rosa people seemed to spend itself in the dizzy excitement and exhilaration of producing an opera in which a real noble marquis had a hand. After "Diarmid" nothing more was heard of them; and it was by the merest accident I learnt that they had ended their season last Saturday night. At first the news seemed incredible; for what of "Tristan" and "Siegfried" and "The Valkyrie"? Why, this was worse than the Grand Opera Syndicate. It frolicked round with delightful irresponsibility, making promises chiefly to break them; but after all, it did keep a few of its promises, and it gave us "Tristan" and "Siegfried" and "The Mastersingers." The Carl Rosa have given us nothing but "La Bohème" and "Diarmid," thus allowing themselves to be beaten by Mr. Hedmond's record two years ago and their own at the Garrick in the earlier part of this year. Artistically, no poorer season has been given, even in London, for many years: opera under the ancient Mapleson régime if it were restored could not be poorer. The programme first announced looked well; the programme actually carried out was less satisfactory; and the way in which it was carried out was worst of all. A chorus which occasionally sang in time and tune, an orchestra which might or might not have endured the terrors of rehearsal, principals—or at least one principal—who had to be replaced in the middle of a performance by another gentleman—these were the allurements which the Carl Rosa Company offered the British Public. I cannot guess whether the British Public was or was not allured. Judging by the appearance of the house on several nights I should be inclined to think they were not. But I may be wrong—I hope, for the sake of the Carl Rosa shareholders, that I am wrong. But at least it will not be denied that there was generally room in the theatre for many more people than came to claim seats. And what, at bottom, is the reason of it? Simply that the Carl Rosa go wrong in the simple matters in which even the average opera-goer can see that they go wrong. The average opera-goer may not know the esoteric meanings of "The Mastersingers," may not have the slightest acquaintance with all that "The Mastersingers" means to the Germans; but at least he can tell whether the parts of Walther, Sachs and the rest are pleasingly sung. When an essential part of the drama is cut he may not know precisely what is wrong, but at least he knows that something is wrong. And when the average opera-goer finds beautiful songs not sung beautifully, and dramatic points missed, he goes away disappointed and never comes again. Moreover, he demands a certain respectability in the mounting. He has possibly been to the Lyceum, and has seen how old-fashioned plays can be mounted there; and when he pays his hard-earned money to no other end than to see dresses, scenery and stage-management scarcely so good as can be seen at half or one-quarter the price at any theatre across the water, he again is apt—to put it mildly—to go away disappointed and not to come again. I stick to these humble points because they are the points that keep the London public away. If these humble points were attended to we might not have precisely excellent representations, but at any rate we would have representations that would not encourage the average citizen to spend his evenings snoozing in his easy chair. Now, where does the fault lie? Certainly not with the singers, many of whom—as I have said in former articles—are really quite tolerable; certainly not with the band—which might, with a little careful training, be as good a band as the band of the summer season. Where then? Simply with the people, whoever they may be, at the head of the concern. They will not appoint a stage-manager who is modern in his tastes and ideas; they will not get some one, also modern in his tastes and ideas, who is strong enough to make the singers act and sing consistently together for the glory of the company and not each for him or her self. In the

whole company, as I said the week before last, there is no dominant spirit sufficiently strong and conscientious to coerce singers, players, chorus supers and gasmen into combining for one common end—a fair and honourable representation of the opera that happens to be announced on the bill. And until that spirit is secured and all the random and ineffectual energies of the Carl Rosa Company are directed by it towards the one desirable consummation, the Carl Rosa Company will not gain the suffrages of the London public. I understand that a critic told Mrs. Carl Rosa that her failure to win the London public this season was due to the fact that last season the London critics were treated impolitely at the Garrick Theatre. I implore her to face the real situation and to ignore such nonsense. I cannot guess whether this critic really resents the old offence—he himself is so polite as to drop his h's thickly on the floor of the foyer at Covent Garden so that we other unfortunate critics, who have not the trick of dropping our h's, may walk softly. But I am perfectly certain that no other critic remembers them. All we want is an occasional performance showing a degree more of artistic conscience than we can get in the summer season. If we can get that we care not a jot how rude deputy-managers may be.

It is impossible for me not to feel how unfairly Richter has been treated in these columns this year. On the other hand it is quite as impossible for me not to feel how unfairly Richter has treated me this year. I expected him to play some rather unusual Wagner selections, the Tschaiowsky symphony, and some solid Beethoven. Instead of these he gives me Brahms—and Brahms in E minor. Now owing to the misfortune of being a musician I cannot, like Dr. Stanford, appreciate Brahms, and least of all Brahms in E minor. I wish I could write anything one-hundredth part so clever. But in spite of its cleverness there is no more intolerably dull symphony in the world than the E minor. It is almost as dull as "The Dream of Jubal," and but for the unlucky fact that Brahms happened to be a man of some invention and ingenuity it would be quite as dull. Let no one suppose that I suppose Brahms capable of coming up into the witness-box against a critic who had killed a Comic Oratorio of his—had he been ever so ill-advised as to write one. All I mean is that the E minor symphony is nearly as dull as the dullest work I can think of at the moment. And Richter spent a large portion of one precious evening in playing it. By "it" I do not mean "The Dream of Jubal." Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Musical Doctor, recently uttered a wish that the music of this great work was equal to the "poetry." The poetry contains such verses as

"And heaven and earth are radiance bright"  
and—

"While the solemn trumpets blow,  
And the tears of thousands (? of trumpets) flow."  
On the whole I quite agree with Sir Alexander Mackenzie in wishing that the music were as good as these divine if not quite intelligible lines. But this is a digression. Richter never plays Mackenzie. I believe he tried it some years ago—he never tries it now. But he does play the more tiresome part of Brahms. I beg him not to do so again. We all listen with delight when Richter plays fine music, but when he plays things that Mottl plays better (the familiar Wagner selections) and things that Mottl is too wise to play at all, one cannot be surprised if the evening is dull and the hall is not too well filled.

With the Saturday afternoon concerts given by Mr. Newman and conducted by Mr. Wood I hope to deal next week. But for the present there is neither time nor space to deal with them. However, I wish to say something on a very important matter. During the last six months I have received letters from discontented composers asking me to take up their case as against the publishers. Well, I happen to know a few publishers, and some of them—Messrs. Augener, for instance—are not only honourable but exceedingly generous. Still, I am told that others are one degree worse than stingy. And since it is a highly desirable thing that composers should be able to earn a living by their pens, I propose during the next six months or so to

make an inquiry into the prices paid by publishers. I intend to begin with Messrs. Novello, and shall be glad to receive instances of the prices they give. Of course it is necessary that composers who communicate with me should send absolute proofs with their statements, and the figures will be more useful if I am told the number of copies sold in each case. Already I have facts enough to make me think that an investigation of this sort will be interesting. There cannot be the slightest doubt that Messrs. Novello, like many other firms, have frequently paid more than the goods were worth; but what I want to get at are the earnings of the ordinary anthem and part-song writers, and to compare them with the probable profits of the publishers.

J. F. R.

#### CHIN CHON CHINO.

"The Cat and the Cherub." By Chester Bailey Fernald. Lyric Theatre, 30 October, 1897.

"The First Born." By Francis Powers. Globe Theatre, 1 November, 1897.

"A Retrospect of the Stage Festivals of 1876." By Richard Wagner. Translated by W. Ashton Ellis. In Richard Wagner's Prose Works, Vol. VI., Part 2. London: Kegan Paul. 1897.

THE latest attempt to escape from hackneydom and cockneydom is the Chinatown play, imported, of course, from America. There is no reason, however, why it should not be manufactured in England. I beg respectfully to inform managers and syndicates that I am prepared to supply "Chinese plays," music and all, on reasonable terms, at the shortest notice. A form of art which makes a merit of crudity need never lack practitioners in this country. The Chinese music, which we are spared at the Lyric, is unmitigated humbug. At the Globe it is simply very bad American music, with marrowbones and cleaver, teatray and cat-call, *ad lib*. And the play is nothing but Wilkie Collins fiction disguised in pigtail and petticoats.

The result is worth analysing. The dramatic art of our day has come to such a pass of open artificiality and stale romantic convention that the sudden repudiation of all art produces for the moment almost as refreshing a sensation as its revival would. In "The First Born" the death of the little boy at the end of the first scene, and the murder of the man whose corpse is propped up against the doorpost by his murderer and made to counterfeit life whilst the policeman passes, might be improvised in a schoolroom: yet they induce a thrill which all the resources of the St. James's Theatre, strained during five long acts to their utmost, cannot attain to for the briefest instant. Truly the secret of wisdom is to become as a little child again. But our art loving authors will not learn the lesson. They cannot understand that when a great genius lays hands on a form of art and fascinates all who understand its language with it, he makes it say all that it can say, and leaves it exhausted. When Bach has got the last word out of the fugue, Mozart out of the opera, Beethoven out of the symphony, Wagner out of the symphonic drama, their enraptured admirers exclaim: "Our masters have shown us the way: let us compose some more fugues, operas, symphonies and Bayreuth dramas." Through just the same error the men who have turned dramatists on the frivolous ground of their love for the theatre have plagued a weary world with Shakspearean dramas in five acts and in blank verse, with artificial comedies after Congreve and Sheridan, and with the romantic goody-goody fiction which was squeezed dry by a hundred strong hands in the first half of this century. It is only when we are dissatisfied with existing masterpieces that we create new ones: if we merely worship them, we only try to repeat the exploit of their creator by picking out the titbits and stringing them together, in some feeble fashion of our own, into a "new and original" botching of what our master left a good and finished job. We are encouraged in our folly by the need of the multitude for intermediaries between its childishness and the maturity of the mighty men of art, and also by the fact that art fecundated by itself gains a certain lapdog refinement, very acceptable to lovers of lapdogs. The Incas of Peru



cultivated their royal race in this way, each Inca marrying his sister. The result was that an average Inca was worth about as much as an average fashionable drama bred carefully from the last pair of fashionable dramas, themselves bred in the same way, with perhaps a cross of novel. But vital art work comes always from a cross between art and life: art being of one sex only, and quite sterile by itself. Such a cross is always possible; for though the artist may not have the capacity to bring his art into contact with the higher life of his time, fermenting in its religion, its philosophy, its science, and its statesmanship (perhaps, indeed, there may not be any statesmanship going), he can at least bring it into contact with the obvious life and common passions of the streets. This is what has happened in the case of the Chinatown play. The dramatist, compelled by the nature of his enterprise to turn his back on the fashionable models for "brilliantly" cast plays, and to go in search of documents and facts in order to put a slice of Californian life on the stage with crude realism, instantly wakes the theatre up with a piece which has some reality in it, though its mother is the cheapest and most conventional of the daughters of art, and its father the lowest and darkest stratum of Americanized yellow civilization. The phenomenon is a very old one. When art becomes effete, it is realism that comes to the rescue. In the same way, when ladies and gentlemen become effete, prostitutes become prime ministers; mobs make revolutions; and matters are readjusted by men who do not know their own grandfathers.

This moral of the advent of the Chinatown play is brought out strikingly by the contrast between the rival versions at the Lyric and at the Globe. The Lyric version, entitled "The Cat and the Cherub," and claiming to be the original (a claim which is apparently not contradicted), is much the more academic of the two. It is a formal play, with comparatively pretentious acting parts, and the local colour blended into the dramatic business in the most approved literary manner: the whole ending with a complicated death struggle, in which the victim is strangled with his own pigtail, and performs an elaborate stage fall. In the Globe version there is comparatively no art at all: we see the affair as we see a street row, with all the incidents of the Chinatown slum going on independently—vulgar, busy, incongruous, irrelevant, indifferent, just as we see them in a London slum whilst the policeman is adjusting some tragedy at the corner. Placed between an academic play and a vulgar play, the high-class London critic cannot hesitate. He waves the Globe aside with scorn and takes the Lyric to his bosom. It seems to me that the popular verdict must go the other way. It is of course eminently possible that people may not care to pay West End theatre prices for a very short entertainment which, at best, would make an excellent side show at Earl's Court. But if they choose either way, they will probably like the crude, coarse, curious, vivid, and once or twice even thrilling hotch-potch at the Globe, better than the more sedate and academic drama at the Lyric. A good deal will depend on which they see first. Nineteenths of the charm of Chinatown lies in its novelty; and a comparison of the opinions of those who saw the two plays in the order of their production, and those who, like myself, saw the Globe play first, will prove, I think, that the first experience very heavily discounts the second.

I am not sure that there is not more initiative for art in commercial speculations like these sham Chinese plays than in academic-revolutionary bodies like the New Century Theatre, the Independent Theatre, or the Bayreuth Festival Playhouse. These enterprises, indifferent to public demand, can do no more than create a taste for the already achieved works of the artists who seem to them at the moment of their foundation to be the most advanced of their time. It is no doubt heroic of the Independent Theatre to send out a mission to accustom the demoralized and recalcitrant provincial playgoer to Ibsen's plays and mine. It is at least prudent, if not glorious, for the New Century Theatre to promote the spread of the New Drama by sitting tightly on its copyrights and neither performing its Echegaray and Ibsen plays itself nor

allowing any one else to do so. Bayreuth no doubt makes the most of its opportunities by steadily exploiting the reputation of its dead founder, and keeping "Parsifal" as a luxury for tourists. But what did the great founder of Bayreuth say to it himself? We can now learn that in his own words; for Mr. Ashton Ellis's translation of Wagner's writings has now passed safely through the pregnant but laboured essays of the master's middle age, and has arrived at the clear, humorous, wise journalism of his Bayreuth time, when he cast back to his early ways as a musical critic in Paris, and anticipated the most entertaining features of modern Saturday Reviewing. His style does not lose in the hands of Mr. Ashton Ellis: nobody but Carlyle has ever before made English German so fascinating. The irony of "Ein Rückblick auf die Bühnenfestspiele des Jahres 1876" is brought out with a vengeance. Wagner's description of his triumphant achievement of the building of the great Festspielhaus, and the first Bayreuth festival in 1876, is one of the most amusing and thrilling documents in the history of art. There he tells of his gallery of kings, every one of whom complimented him on his indomitable pluck, and confessed that they had never believed it possible for him to pull it through, exactly as if he were Sir Augustus Harris: not one of them having the faintest sense of what he was really driving at. Then he goes on, with an intense relish for the joke against himself, to tell how the thing was really done—how the little congregations of worshippers who had been formed throughout Germany to provide the festival with an audience of true worshippers, and exclude all the fashionable heathen, were really speculators who joined to get the seats and sell them again to the aforesaid heathen, the result being as worldly and unprepared an audience as one could desire at the private view of the Royal Academy. The account of the collection of the funds by an energetic lady, who was wonderfully successful with people who did not know who Wagner was, and actually levied her largest tributes on the Sultan and the Khedive of Egypt, is the climax of the irony, though perhaps the climax of the fun is the story of the ordering of the dragon from a famous English firm, which, after our commercial manner, delivered it in instalments at the last moment, and finally sent the neck irrecoverably to the wrong address. It would carry me too far to draw the moral; but it certainly does not point to the founding of societies and the building of theatres as being any better a device in art than the founding of orders and the building of cathedrals has proved in religion. Not that these things are not worth doing, since they lead to so many incidental improvements, especially in architecture. But it is certain that they never do what the Master Builder meant them to do.

Up to a late hour on Monday night I persuaded myself that I would hasten from the Globe to Her Majesty's, and do my stern duty by "Katharine and Petruchio." But when it came to the point I sacrificed duty to personal considerations. "The Taming of the Shrew" is a remarkable example of Shakspeare's repeated attempts to make the public accept realistic comedy. Petruchio is worth fifty Orlandos as a human study. The preliminary scenes in which he shows his character by pricking up his ears at the news that there is a fortune to be got by any man who will take an ugly and ill-tempered woman off her father's hands, and hurrying off to strike the bargain before somebody else picks it up, are not romantic; but they give an honest and masterly picture of a real man, whose like we have all met. The actual taming of the woman by the methods used in taming wild beasts belongs to his determination to make himself rich and comfortable, and his perfect freedom from all delicacy in using his strength and opportunities for that purpose. The process is quite bearable, because the selfishness of the man is healthily goodhumoured and untainted by wanton cruelty; and it is good for the shrew to encounter a force like that and be brought to her senses. Unfortunately, Shakspeare's own immaturity, as well as the immaturity of the art he was experimenting in, made it impossible for him to keep the play on the realistic plane to the end; and the last scene is altogether disgusting to modern sensibility. No man with any decency of feeling can sit it out in the company of a woman without feeling

extremely ashamed of the lord-of-creation moral implied in the wager and the speech put into the woman's own mouth. Therefore the play, though still worthy of a complete and efficient representation, would need, even at that, some apology. But the Garrick version of it, as a farcical afterpiece!—thank you: no.

Mr. Louis Parker's "Vagabond King" has now come to the Court Theatre from Camberwell, where it has been succeeded by a comic opera, which, like it, is an original product of Mr. Mulholland's suburban enterprise, and not a West End piece at second hand. The West End will no doubt presently borrow the comic opera, too, from Camberwell.

G. B. S.

### MONEY MATTERS.

NO alteration was made in the Bank rate on Thursday. The Bank Return showed few important alterations. The end of the month at home and the end of the Scotch term next week caused a decrease in the bullion of £433,670. Short loans were in active demand during the week at about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., whilst discount rates for three-months bank paper were steady at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

Scarcely any business was transacted on the Stock Exchange during the week, the holiday on Monday having apparently disorganized matters. Consols, on the whole, showed firmness. Among Home Railways, Easterns showed strength on extensive buying, but owing to realizations that followed the price was below the best on Thursday. A rumour that it is intended to raise more capital to improve the London termini tended to depress Bertha. Otherwise there were no noteworthy features. Yankee Railways remained without character and with very little business. Canadian Pacifics showed a disposition to firmness on Thursday, but Trunks were inclined downward. Foreign railways and foreign Government stocks were without interest.

As regards business in the Kaffir market, the one period of excitement was on Tuesday, when Chartered fell from  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to about 3, on wild rumours concerning Mr. Rhodes. Other Rhodesian shares followed suit. It was first stated that Mr. Rhodes was very ill; then that Mr. Rhodes was out of his mind, and, finally, that Mr. Rhodes had departed this life. Of course, all these stories were utter nonsense, the condition of Mr. Rhodes being much improved, although he refrained from the weary journey to Buluwayo. Prices afterwards recovered; Chartered yesterday morning were quoted at  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , whilst other South African shares were without important changes on last week's prices. The Volksraad has decided to put the dynamite question in the hands of the State Attorney and other legal advisers, and in the meanwhile have advised the Executive to cheapen dynamite by allowing importation by permits on payment. As we go to press rumours are current regarding the Goldfields Report to be issued to-night. 725,000 new shares have, it is said, been taken up. The profits of the Company will be close on £300,000, and the dividend on the 725,000 shares will be at the rate of not much less than 50 per cent. This will be payable in Simmer and Jack shares.

The deep-level mines of the Rand—those at least of the Rand Mines group—are rapidly entering the ranks of the profit-producing companies. The Geldenhuis Deep has now been at work for more than a year, and is making profits at the rate of £160,000 per annum, equal to a gross return on its capital of 57 per cent. and a net return to the investor at the present market price of the shares of nearly 10 per cent. The Crown Deep started working in August, the Rose Deep on 9 October, and the Nourse Deep is expected to start crushing this month. Early next year the Jumpers Deep, the Glen Deep, the Langlaagte Deep and the Durban Roodepoort Deep will be at work. From the results already obtained it is quite possible to forecast with considerable accuracy the prospects of all these undertakings, and they are certain to take their places amongst the best and most

profitable mines of the Rand. The splendid equipments with which all the mines of the Rand Mines group are furnished enable them to reduce the working expenses to a minimum and to increase correspondingly their profits. Some disappointment has no doubt been felt at the first returns of the Crown Deep property, but it necessarily takes some little time for new plant to get into proper working order, and there is no reason whatever for anxiety with regard to this or the other deep levels named above.

The Geldenhuis Deep, for instance, at the beginning of the year was making only a small profit, but now that it has 160 stamps crushing regularly it has been able to reduce its working costs to the low figure of 21s. per ton. The Crown Deep expenses for the second month's working are as high as 28s., though even this compares favourably with the working costs of some of the outcrop mines. When, however, the mine has its full complement of 200 stamps running, the expenses will certainly be reduced even below those of the Geldenhuis Deep. A simple calculation on the basis of the September yield of £2 5s. per ton will show that the Crown Deep will then be able to make a profit of close upon £40,000 a month, equal to a gross dividend of 155 per cent., or a return to the investor at the present market price of Crown Deep shares of 12 per cent. So, again, with the Rose Deep mine, which started crushing last month with 60 stamps, but whose full equipment will be 200 stamps. The returns of the first month's crushing are not yet to hand, but they will in all probability indicate an average yield of 10 dwts. per ton. On this basis, with the working costs reduced to 20s. a ton, the Rose Deep mine, when it gets to work with all its stamps, should make a profit of £30,000 a month, equivalent to a gross dividend on its capital of 96 per cent., or a return to the investor, at the present price of the shares, of 24 per cent. In some quarters the attempt has been made to show that the present prices of the deep-level mines are already as high as their prospects warrant; but the above figures show that this is not the case with the above undertakings at least, whilst any reduction in the working expenses through the inauguration of reforms in the Transvaal will correspondingly increase their profits. Every reduction of 1s. a ton in the working costs will mean in the case of the Geldenhuis Deep an extra profit of £1,200 a month; in the Crown Deep and Rose Deep, when in full working order, of £1,500 a month. The saving that would have been effected if all the reforms recommended by the Transvaal Industrial Commission had been carried out has been estimated, to put it at a very low figure, at 3s. 6d. per ton, and this would have meant to the above mines an increased dividend of from 14 to 20 per cent.

The holiday last Saturday, to be followed by the settlement at the commencement of next week, tended to contract business in the Westralian Mining Market as well as other departments of the Stock Exchange. At one time prices were influenced by the extreme depression among Kaffirs referred to above, whilst lower prices came over from Adelaide. But, despite these adverse influences and the remnants of a weak "bull" account, prices held up wonderfully. Ivanhoes formed an interesting subject on the receipt of news from the mine stating that enough ore was in sight to keep sixty heads of stamp at work for the next six years. Associates attracted attention on Wednesday and Thursday. On the latter day two brokers who often act for Rothschild came in and bought a considerable number of shares.

The English public will be asked next week, we hear, to subscribe to a Company for the exploitation of "fixed" aniline dyes. Curiosity has impelled us to consult at Somerset House the particulars of the "Fixed Aniline Colour Syndicate," an association which no doubt hopes to reap a pleasant harvest from the flotation of the Company. The Syndicate has a modest nominal capital of £5,000 in £1 shares, but a still more modest paid-up capital of £2,080. Of this a certain Mr. Victor Veysey holds 780 shares, a Mr. Julius Moeller 520 shares, and Mr. Martin Joseph Browne,

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Mr. L. R. de Fonblanque and Mr. Roger M. Wallace 260 each, making the total of 2,080. Some of these names are no doubt familiar in the City, that of Mr. Julius Moeller especially, in connexion with the Welsbach Incandescent Gas Light patent. He has doubtless found in Mr. Victor Veysey, the gentleman who owns the largest number of shares and is apparently the moving spirit of the undertaking, an admirable associate. Mr.—or is it Count?—Victor Veysey! “Fixed” aniline dyes are a new thing to the industrial world. If aniline dyes could be fixed it would be better for everybody, but with these credentials we doubt if either the English industrial or financial world is likely to reap much advantage from the new Company, with its German origin and its German secretary. Before subscribing the few hundred thousand pounds which will be asked for the Company the English public will do well to scrutinize carefully the glowing promises it will doubtless make.

As the first to deal effectively with the subject of poor Barney Barnato's will, we feel keen interest in certain rumours current. Mr. Harry Barnato, it is said, has resigned his executorship. Has there been anything approaching a quarrel between the brother and nephew over the assessment of the deceased millionaire's estate? In any case, it appears that the Inland Revenue authorities are not satisfied with the £1,000,000 presented by the executors. They strongly urge their claim to a percentage on the house in Park Lane, and declare their right to tax every pound he left behind him, be it in any part of the world. Mr. Woolf Joel does not like being spoken to on the subject, so we say no more!

In old days there used to be excited meetings of the National Safe Deposit Company, Limited, and we can never forget the last occasion on which we witnessed the Marquess of Tweeddale, tall, handsome, white-bearded, and distinguished, expostulating with a roomful of irreverent shareholders. The noble Lord talked much about his own unsullied honour and that of his family. The middle-class shareholders blasphemously stated that the honour of the house of Tweeddale did not concern them so much as the interests of their Company. Would the noble Lord kindly confine himself to matters of interest? It now appears that the Scotch nobleman has given place to an English legislator in the person of Mr. H. C. Richards, M.P. The latter is genial and businesslike, and it is for the shareholders to confirm his appointment on Tuesday next. The profits of the National Safe Deposit Company for the year ended 30 September last were £5,900.

On Tuesday was held the forty-fourth ordinary general meeting of the Aerated Bread Company, Limited. Together with the interim dividend in April last, the total dividend declared on Tuesday was 37½ per cent. In the open market the shares of the Company are quoted at just under 12. In face of these facts, it is scarcely credible that the same mean, semi-starvation-wage-paying system that has always disgraced the history of this Company is pursued. One shareholder has declared emphatically that he made a desperate attempt to speak on this scandal; but the meeting refused to hear him. Major-General Brett, the Chairman of the Company, who merely suffers from a service training and incapacity to realize the extent of the scandal, seemed horrified that there had been an increase of 15 per cent. in the wages bill. This was of course due to the opening of fresh depôts, and not to any increase in individual wages. A day of reckoning will come to the management of the Aerated Bread Company, Limited. In the meanwhile extended reports of the meetings have suddenly ceased. The financial papers this week contained merely a paragraph, the Aerated Bread Directors evidently having had their own reasons for avoiding a full publication of the proceedings.

No doubt, in the opinion of Mr. Hess and Mr. Henry Labouchere, the whole world is watching the personal contest to which the columns of their respective jour-

nals are devoted. Mr. Hess, it will be remembered, spent many weeks and much space, raking up old stock-jobbing transactions of the member for Northampton, when that gentleman was City editor of the “World.” These were intended to prove that Mr. Labouchere was not the saintly person that none of us had ever imagined him to be. For a long time the Editor of “Truth” took no notice of these attacks, and when he did at length reply his answer was vague and inconclusive. In the current number of “Truth,” however, he publishes a kind of *tu quoque* article, in which he has revived an old scandal in Johannesburg, in which it is alleged Mr. Hess took a somewhat disreputable part. Mr. Labouchere's idea seems to be that, if he is to sink in popular estimation, his enemy shall be dragged down with him. The dispute has already reached a gutter level.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

##### AN EARLY BIRD.

The “private and confidential” prospectus of the Imperial Oil Company of Canada has strayed into our possession. Why this secret document has been drawn up we are unable to discover. It may be with a view to an “early bird” appeal for subscriptions from the investing worm. It cannot be to draw underwriters, for those who transact that class of business do not risk their money in industries of which they are ignorant; whilst connoisseurs in petroleum matters will be very wary of a complex and unsatisfactory document.

Two prophecies made in these columns last week are verified by this prospectus. First, large petroleum enterprises are in hand, many of an unsatisfactory nature, and secondly, Lord Dufferin is lending his name to a considerable number of financial schemes. In this case we cannot congratulate the noble Marquis on his judgment. His trusteeship for the debenture-holders may be secure, but the prospectus on which his name appears is weak—very weak! The capitalization of the Company is on a swollen scale, £600,000 being in £1 shares, whilst £250,000 in First Mortgage Debentures are also contemplated for issue.

The prospectus opens with a superb piece of bounce: “The Company is formed to acquire the control of nearly the entire petroleum refining industry of Canada.” This statement will, no doubt, be eagerly swallowed by a few curates, widows, and others who rely on vague generalities; but the shrewd man of business to whom grandiloquence means nought unless verified, will be inclined to draw in his horns at the absence of adequate substantiation. The Company appears to be the enterprise for the purchase of the Enniskillen Fields near London, in Ontario, to which we referred last week. We then asked some very pertinent questions. Whether there was any sulphur in the petroleum? Also how long the wells have been worked and with what results? As yet the promoters have not thought fit to make any answer, although the question as to the presence of ruinous sulphur in the oil is especially important. In the document before us reference is made to “crude” oil produced. Under the circumstances the insertion of this word “crude” is, to say the least, significant!

“The number of wells is 2,389, or about one well per acre, and the year's yield ended July 31, 1896 of crude petroleum was upwards of 226,000 barrels.” This conglomerate sentence is simply humorous to those who understand the petroleum industry. Where oil is plentiful four wells per acre is a fair average. One well per acre must therefore show poverty rather than wealth. It is not as though these were new fields. They have in most cases, we understand, been worked a great many years, and no doubt the managers formed a number of wells equal to the producing capacity of their properties. With light-hearted irresponsibility the promoters assert that this new enterprise will control 75 or 85 per cent. of the whole refining industry in Canada. 75 to 85 per cent. is vague! Of course no statement is made as to what the total refining industry of Canada may be. As regards pure logic, it would be as reasonable to say that a gold mine had been started on the Thames Embankment to control 75 to 85 per cent. of the total gold output of

Middlesex. "The steam cooperage, capable of turning out 600 barrels per day, are (*sic*) the only works of the kind in Canada, and 15,000 of the Company's square tin oil cans are readily turned out per week." Even the optimism of the prospectus does not suggest a use for so many oil cans and barrels, so that the vessels in question would be as superfluous as this paragraph in the prospectus. Perhaps it is intended to forward the useless barrels and tins to Klondyke for the storage of gold.

"Canadian oil," we are told, "contains a large percentage of paraffin, which is refined by a secret process (worked out at great cost by the Imperial Oil Company) producing, it is claimed, the finest quality of paraffin wax known; the benefit of this process passes to the Company." This is prettily put and may prove alluring to the uninitiated, but we would point out that the paraffin has to be taken out, and ask whether after this has been accomplished the result is not *low flash oil*? Another most important point in connexion with this oil venture is a statement that the average depth of the oil-bearing rock runs uniformly about 475 feet below the surface, and a well can be drilled, cased and equipped with pumps in six or eight days, at a cost of £50 to £60, which is one-tenth the cost of sinking in other fields. We have yet to learn that these properties are so different from other fields. Although the latter may not have the advantage of so large a "percentage of paraffin" and, we may add, other impurities, their managers realize the fact that better oil is produced by deeper borings. The expense of drilling rises disproportionately according to depth—an uncomfortable fact that has to be realised when reading so reckless a statement as the directors and promoters of this Company commit themselves to. With regard to the same statement, we would ask if any of these properties are what one might term "back garden" wells? That is to say, wells that were drilled and have been worked for many years in private grounds or gardens.

Perhaps the most preposterous element of this weird enterprise is the purchase consideration. This has been fixed at £725,000. An enormous sum, and, in our humble opinion, altogether unjustified. But that is not the worst. £125,000 in cash is, we are told, to be reserved for working capital, out of which the *stock-in-trade will be purchased* at manufacturers' actual cost. What, we would ask, will be the actual working capital left? A mere trifle, no doubt. Are we to understand that this wonderful property! this marvellous enterprise to control 75 per cent., or 85 per cent., of the whole oil-refining industry of the Dominion, is to be worked for a handful of sovereigns? Oh! horrid thought!

In addition to that of the Marquis of Dufferin, the following names appear on the prospectus. These are all directors:—Colonel B. H. Martindale, C.B., Chairman of the London and St. Katherine's Dock Company; J. D. Alexander (Alexander Fletcher & Co.); H. E. M. Bourke, Director of the African Trust; the Right Hon. the Viscount Maitland, 35 Hans Road, S.W.; C. Guy Pym, M.P., Director, North British and Mercantile Insurance Company (West End Branch); F. S. E. Drury, Director of Peek Bros. & Winch, Limited; F. J. White, Dashwood House, E.C. We shall be much surprised if any of these gentlemen have adequate knowledge or experience of the petroleum industry. Perhaps some of the above remarks may be an enlightenment and assistance. Prospective petroleum investors had better bide their time. We sincerely trust that something more promising than this will be forthcoming in the shape of oil enterprise.

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

With the advent of the Lake View King Gold Mine, Limited, the names to two more recruits are added to the already swollen roll of guinea-pigs. These new piglings are just about as inexperienced in Company matters as it is possible for even mining directors to be. There is in the first place Mr. W. F. Baughan, C.B., late Assistant Director of Transports at the Admiralty. When we see the names of naval or military officers on the boards of Companies, we always try to believe that their travels abroad have perhaps

led them in the direction of a mining country, and that they do know a piece of gold quartz when they see it. But alas! It is difficult to realise why a gentleman who, by steady attendance at Spring Gardens and concentrated attention to the dull routine of a Government office, has risen to this overpowering position should be considered eligible for the board of a mining Company. There are no shafts sunk or batteries erected in Whitehall. Major Murphy, the other guinea-pigling, lives at 32 Portland Place. That is about all we know of him. For the benefit of our country readers, we would point out that the neighbourhood is respectable.

The name of the Company is, no doubt, intended to act as a kind of bait. The Lake View Consols Mine has proved a great success. But a careful glance at this prospectus will show that the attempt to float the new enterprise on the popularity of Lake View Consols is merely a piece of impudent bluff. The prospectus states that the property is separated from the Lake View Consols by Lake View South, Hannan's Main Reef, &c., &c., all of which commits the Directors to nothing. Another paragraph states that "there is every reason to believe" (O these guarded phrases!) that the lode struck is identical with that being worked by so many well-known Companies operating in the same field. Many who read these two paragraphs will imagine that the Directors commit themselves to the statement that the Lake View Consols lode has been struck. We trust that none of our readers are such fools. The statement commits the Directors to nothing, least of all to any connexion between the Lake View Consols and this prospective inadequately certified property.

The fact of the matter is that the public are asked to part with their money blindfolded. It is scarcely necessary to tell them that the parting with £60,000 under such circumstances would be pure idiocy. Even though the property was originally sold by Mr. Alexander Forrest, brother of that eloquent Premier who stumped the country during Jubilee time, puffing and belauding the mining enterprise in Westralia, Sir John Forrest is never tired of telling people how he refrains from taking a personal share in the mining enterprise. His booming laudations are the result of pure patriotism—so he tells us! *Dulce et decorum est!*

#### ECONOMIC BANK.

We really fail to see why investors should go out of their way to choose the Economic Bank as a good speculation. The Directors seem to imagine that perfect safety is guaranteed to clients of the bank because funds are invested according to the rules of the Trustee Act. What do they suppose the Trustee Act was passed for if it was not to keep such people as themselves within bounds? As for these Directors, they are merely so-so! The chairman is Mr. Thomas L. Field. He is described as a Director of the Atlantic Transport Company, which as Williams, Torry, & Field, like many other shipping firms, lived a hand-to-mouth existence.

#### RUSSIAN PETROLEUM.

The Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Company has been formed, with a capital of £1,200,000 in 60,000 preference and 60,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. The object is to acquire the Bibi Eibak Oilfield at Baku, in South Russia, and other oilfields owned by Mr. Tagieff. The net profits of the wells, when possessed by Mr. Tagieff, have been certified at £104,602 for 1895, £91,665 for 1896, and £383,246 for 1897. The purchase price has been fixed at £900,000, payable as to £735,000 in cash, £165,000 in fully-paid preference and ordinary shares. The properties, it should be noted, have been worked for over twenty years, but the prospectus does not state for how much over twenty years.

#### ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

KENT COLLIERIES CORPORATION, LIMITED (A. R. B. Bayswater).—You will be very foolish to invest so large a sum in this enterprise. Although these coalfields have been in hand a long time now, the enterprise is as prospective as ever. TURKISH BONDS (Civil Servant).—Hold by all means. We think well of your security. CALEDONIAN TEA (E. R., Streatham).—No.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SHAKESPEARE'S FATHER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 November, 1897.

SIR,—It occurs to me that the religion of Shakespeare's father may be a subject of interest to your readers; the more so, since the critics in other journals seem disposed to accept some, at least, of the conclusions reached by the Rev. T. Carter in his recent work, "Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant." Every ingenious attempt to retrieve the facts and conditions of Shakespeare's life must be welcome, and Mr. Carter is ingenious. But when such attempts involve the destruction of probabilities slowly pieced together during a century of critical effort, the new theory, however plausible, must be jealously scrutinized lest its acceptance involve a loss of equally, or of even more, plausible surmise. Now, from Malone downwards, the best authorities have conjectured in Shakespeare's father, John, one of the many who had no certitude of, perhaps no wish for, a definite break and a new departure in religion. Mr. Carter, however, has argued that John was a Puritan, and has suggested that William Shakespeare, if not a Puritan, was at any rate brought up in the atmosphere of Puritanism. I cannot, within the limits of a letter, criticize Mr. Carter's argument in detail, but, should you courteously find space, I can show cause for entering a caveat against its acceptance.

Mr. Carter, as his principal piece of conviction, instances (pp. 68-70) the election of Adrian Quynney to the office of High Bailiff in Stratford and of John Shakespeare to the office of Chief Alderman, 5 September, 1571, and then asks, "What do we find among the first official acts of Adrian Quynney and John Shakespeare? Within a month of Quynney's election, the following was passed:—'Yt is agreed at this Hall by the Bailie, Aldermen, and capital burgesses herein assembled that Mr. Adrian Quynney, now balye of the boroughe above seid, should sell the copes and vestements.'" But his corner-stone crumbles at a touch. The documents from which he quotes show (vide Halliwell-Phillipps, "Outlines," ii. 232) that John Shakespeare, although elected on 5 September, 1571, was not "for some unnoticed reason formally recognized in that office until some time between the 5th and the 10th of October"; also, that he attended no meeting of the Corporation between the 5th September and the 10th October. If a presumption may be raised, which I doubt, from the circumstances of John Shakespeare's election and the sale of vestments in 1571, it would be that he disapproved of the proceeding. The rest of evidence put in to prove John a Puritan is similarly fragile; but, passing to the prior contention—viz., that he was a Recusant who absented himself from church on religious grounds—Mr. Carter, to prove this must disprove the plea of poverty accepted by Sir Thomas Lucy and all the Commissioners (vide two contemporary documents, cited, "Outlines," ii. 246). Here, again, the evidence is mangled. John did not sell the whole of his late father-in-law's estate in Snitterfield in 1579 for £4. Arden had left interests in it to seven other daughters besides John's wife, Mary, and John sold only his individual interest in two messuages ("Outlines," ii. pp. 173-182). But, apart from small and doubtful points, Mr. Carter puts himself out of court on two broad issues. (1) He makes John a Puritan and chronicles his applications for coat-armour without comment (p. 177). Contrast the attitude of Puritans towards Heraldry, and of Heralds towards Puritanism exemplified in contemporary writings. From "Lenvoy to the Author, by William Segar, Garter, Principall King of Armes," prefixed to Guillim's "Display of Heraldrie," 1609, we learn that Puritan Recusants held "crosses in armes . . . idolatry," that they advocated the abolition of "armes, the ensignes of nobility," as being "plaine idle shewes and superstitions." The writer comments:—"O impure Purity that so doth deeme!" Guillim's own opinion is also to the point:—"The Swan's purity is too Puritannicall, in that his feathers and outward appearance he is all white, but inwardly his body and flesh is very blacke." (2) Mr. Carter omits the introduction of stage plays into Stratford under John Shakespeare's

auspices, and asserts (p. 189) that "Puritans of the days of Elizabeth had not the abhorrence of the stage which the corruptions of Charles II.'s reign called forth." Let me quote the Corporation of London in 1575:—"To play in plague-time increases the plague by infection; to play out of plague-time calls down the plague from God" (Fleay, "History of the Stage," p. 47). And William Habington, a devout Catholic, writing sixteen years before Charles II.'s accession, sums up the view of that time on the attitude of Puritans to the stage. Prynne had just lost his ears for attacking players in "Histriomastix"; and thus Habington:—

"Of this wine should Prynne  
Drinke but a plenteous glasse he would beginne  
A health to Shakespeare's ghost."

"Castara," Part II. 1634.

When Mr. Carter turns to pure letters he fares even worse: in one paragraph (p. 144), which is a very onion of error, he attributes the early use of the name "Oldcastle" for "Falstaff" to the "Merry Wives" instead of to "Henry IV.," the phrase "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man," to the "Merry Wives" instead of to the Epilogue of "II. Henry IV.," and the line "A valiant martyr and a virtuous Peere" again to the "Merry Wives," instead of to the Prologue of "The True and Honorable hystory of the life of Sir John Old-Castle," a play which was not even written by Shakespeare, but, as we know from Henslowe's Diary, by Drayton, Munday, Hathway, and Wilson in collaboration.

Indeed, this attempt to set Shakespeare in the atmosphere of Puritanism breaks down at all points. Mr. Carter makes James I. a champion of the Puritans in face of his threat against them:—"I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land!"—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

## THE OCCUPATION OF TIRAH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LORDSWOOD, SOUTHAMPTON, 3 November, 1897.

SIR,—Tirah is ours! Let the nation rejoice, and give thanks to the "Forward party"—for to that party alone is due all the honour and glory accomplished by the 59,000 men and 90 guns in planting the British flag in the heart of the Afreedis highlands. The victory is complete. The Afreedis have become "Marauders"—whilst the British Horse and Foot live free on the fat of the land of the "rebel" Tribesmen. Nought remains but to mark out the sites of the new cantonments, and lay out the pleasure grounds and build the gymkhanas which have been sighed for by the military exponents of the Forward party. No longer shall any Britisher needlessly pant in Peshawar with Tirah lying high and cool within sight. Great deeds are not accomplished without losses—but haply the enemy have suffered fiftyfold. As for outlay, what is an extra expense of some £15,000 a day with all India to tax at pleasure? The past services of the Tribesmen are nothing. That gives them no claim for their freedom to be respected. Henceforth profound peace is to reign along the Frontier. The clansmen are to flock to our standard; and as loyal soldiers be led to enslave the Afghan nation and defeat the aggressive aims of Russia.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

## "LITERATURE" AND ITS BIBLIOGRAPHIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Whilst you are on the subject of "Literature," I should like to draw attention to the first of the pretentious bibliographies that appeared in that remarkable periodical. What shall we say of a bibliography of Trafalgar which is merely a careless transcription of the excellent one to be found in Professor Laughton's "Nelson Memorial"? What shall we say when we discover that so important a work as J. de la Gravière's "Guerres Maritimes" is omitted? Another striking omission is Chevalier's "Marine Française sous le Consulat et l'Empire." Yet another is "Recollections of the Life of the Rev. A. J. Scott." I see that the "Mémorial of Codrington" is dated in the "Literature" bibliography 1893, instead of 1873. There is not a word

of recent French light thrown on Trafalgar in articles by M. Auffret in the "Revue Maritime" of 1896, dealing particularly with the French wounded, and in two interesting articles by Captain Letourneau in the same periodical this year. Even more extraordinary is the omission of all reference to Captain Mahan's article in the "Century" for March 1897, which differs in many respects from his account of the battle in his "Life of Nelson," and to Lieutenant P. H. Nicolas's account. In exchange we have such useless compilations as "British Battles" paraded! What a bibliography!—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

BIBLIOPHILE.

## A MÆDIEVAL MAGICIAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 CORSO VITTORIO EMANUELE, FLORENCE,  
21 October, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your notice of my book, "The Life and Legend of Michael Scot," which appeared in the "Saturday Review" of 16 October, will you allow me to make one or two remarks?

When the reviewer criticizes my conjectures he has undoubtedly the right to his opinion, and I have nothing to complain of; indeed I am grateful that two, at least, of the most important have been fortunate enough to win his approval.

The matter of Michael Scot's clerical standing, however, is in a very different position. Your reviewer does not seem to have noticed that it is founded on no conjecture of mine, but on the expression "tante sciencie clerico," used of Scot by Pope Honorius III. in his letter which I print at p. 275.

On p. 276 I have clearly stated that "Master" and "Doctor" were used of the same degree—a matter of which your reviewer declares me ignorant!

I may add that if he will read Mr. Hogarth's article on Nectanebo in the "English Historical Review" for January 1896, and will refer also to Meyer's "Alexandre le Grand," 1886, he may find reason to alter his view of the position held by Albéric de Besançon in the history of this legend.

Trusting to your courtesy for the publication of this reply, I remain yours faithfully, J. WOOD BROWN.

[It is no part of a reviewer's duty to act as a teacher; but "clericus" in a mediæval document may mean (1) a person in higher orders—priest or deacon; (2) a person in any of the minor orders; (3) a scholar at a University; (4) a clerk in our modern sense; (5) a person who has taken the tonsure to obtain ecclesiastical protection—for example, a tradesman; (6) any one who can read. To which of these classes Michael Scot belonged is matter for proof, not for assumption.

Mr. Hogarth's article does not afford the slightest ground for Mr. Brown's absurd statement that Aristotle was identified with Nectanebus. Still less does Meyer. Mr. Brown will find in the appendix to Mr. Steele's "Story of Alexander" (1894) a full account of the forms of the legend. If he has read Meyer, he ought to know that Alberic de Besançon—of whose poem only 105 lines exist—was the first to introduce the story into Romance literature, founding his poem on Julius Valerius and the authentic histories of Alexander in opposition to the "De Proeliis." The legend comes into modern literature about 1150 with Lambert li Tors and Alexandre de Bernay. On the work of these all the later romances are founded.

The statement that Mr. Brown was unaware of the interchangeableness of the words "Master" and "Doctor" does not seem to be contradicted by the statement on p. 276, where he endeavours to establish a difference between them, restricting "Master" to the regulars and "Doctor" to the seculars.—THE REVIEWER.]

## DISCIPLINE IN THE SERVICES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's letter in a recent issue, and, great as my admiration is for the author of "Cashel Byron's Profession" and much as I agree with him in wishing that our army were "manned" like the police force, I think it ought to be obvious that his is a "counsel of perfection"

under present circumstances. When you are able to compete with other employers of labour, you may, if the wages are high enough, fill your infantry battalions with men of the stamp of the "Blues" or Royal Irish Constabulary. Then you may safely entrust them "with an undisputed legal right" to strike on the field of battle. They would never misuse it. But at present it is difficult enough to enlist even the rejected of the labour market, and while that is so discipline must be maintained by the methods now in vogue. Even at a regimental dépôt this much-talked-of discipline does not amount to much. A clean and punctual soldier gets into no more trouble in a regiment than he would in civil employ; indeed, these virtues are so highly prized in the army that their possessor is made much of by every one in authority over him, who only want a quiet life. Discipline in its punitive sense only comes into play in the case of a man who is a nuisance to his comrades. If a soldier will not perform his duty, his comrade has to do it for him without extra pay, and without discipline the good soldiers would be doing the work of the lazy ones. Again, the soldier is clothed (in some infinitesimal part) by Mr. Shaw himself, who is, I presume, a taxpayer. Now, if Mr. Shaw's views prevailed to-morrow, he might have to pay for some thousands of suits of clothing suddenly discarded. I feel sure that Mr. Shaw has never been in close touch with the lowest type of soldiers or he would know that there are some—I do not say many—who are pure savages and have to be dealt with accordingly. What would you do to a "man" who would urinate in the tea-can and justify himself by remarking, when brought up for "scale," "Well, what of it? the men had had their tea"? A few years ago an epidemic of bad language—I ought to say atrocious and bloodcurdling language—had to be suppressed by "cells." The only case I know of a soldier being sent to a prison where he could be flogged was one in which the culprit simply defied every one. When his sentence of court-martial was being read out, he lay kicking and screaming on the ground, hurling abuse at the general who had confirmed the sentence. He was forcibly removed from the parade ground, and during the remainder of his stay in barracks he refused to perform his "shot" drill and destroyed as much public property as possible. Would Mr. Shaw entrust such a "soldier" with the power to strike? No doubt he was subsequently dismissed the service; but, surely, Mr. Shaw would not have given this ruffian a first-class fare home by way of reward for his behaviour?

To sum up, the Army of to-day is a fairly comfortable place for a young fellow to pass six years in; but it is not a profession, and until it is made so, you can never enlist the class of men who guard our streets before going home to their families, and who serve the public well in the hope of earning a pension. It is, of course, for Army reformers to say which plan is the best, and for our legislators to decide whether the country will pay the price.—Yours faithfully, G. W. REDWAY.

## RATIONS AT THE ZOO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

RUGBY COTTAGE, 4 UPPER PARK PLACE,  
BLACKHEATH, 26 October, 1897.

SIR,—In Mr. Aflalo's excellent article on the food supplied to different creatures at the Zoo, he has used the word "suction" in the case of the apteryx and other birds that feed themselves by boring their sensitive bills into soft ground. Suction unfortunately is thought by most people to refer to liquids, and it would be a pity to let the word in the sense that he has used it pass without remark. The long-billed woodcock may be taken as an example of a bird that lives by suction, but he sucks up good fat worms, and must have an enormous appetite, and perfect digestion, for after his long migratory flight he reaches his destination in a state of great exhaustion, but recovers in a very short time, and becomes plump and strong. I only make this note because in Ireland certainly, and no doubt elsewhere, there is a popular notion that snipe and woodcock only take liquid food, and this idea is strengthened by the fact that these birds are not cleaned like other birds before being cooked.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

E. F. T. BENNETT.



## REVIEWS.

## THE LAST VOLUME OF ROMANES.

"Darwin, and after Darwin. An Exposition of the Darwinian Theory and a Discussion of Post-Darwinian Questions." By the late G. J. Romanes. Vol. III. Post-Darwinian Questions, Isolation and Physiological Selection. London: Longmans. 1897.

IT is more than probable that the production of this third volume was the original motive of the late Professor Romanes's three-volume enterprise. Fortunately, by the time of his death, he had fully written three of the six chapters of this volume, and had left abundant material from which Mr. Lloyd Morgan was able to piece together the remaining chapters. We may be fairly certain that had the volume been issued during the life of its author, it would not have differed in any material respect from its present form, and we are able to congratulate Mr. Lloyd Morgan upon the patient care he has devoted to the task allotted him. We are convinced, however, that the task was useless, and that the editor would have been better employed in continuing his own interesting investigations than in trying to dress the cumbrous egotism of Romanes's note-books into a tolerable contribution to biological theory. The so-called post-Darwinian questions discussed are Isolation and Physiological Selection, and Romanes attaches so much importance to these and to his own exposition of them that he declares evolution to be based upon the "three principles of heredity, variability and isolation." However, he is still ready to admit that Darwin's theory has a place in evolution; natural selection is a "sub-species of homogamy" (a term invented by Romanes to include his own physiological selection), "and homogamy in its turn is but a constituent part of the genus isolation." Darwin, in fact, is allotted a little side-show in the great arena of Romanes.

It is of some interest to consider how far isolation and physiological selection are post-Darwinian questions at all and the precise significance of Romanes's contributions to them. In the first edition of the "Origin of Species," in the section of the fourth chapter entitled "Circumstances Favourable to Natural Selection," Darwin raises all the questions which Romanes claimed as his own. He showed the difference between cases where an evolving species, from the limitation of its area, from the uniformity of its environment, and from the free occurrence of intercrossing, is modified as a whole; and cases where an evolving species, from the wideness of its area, the divergence of conditions to which it is subjected and the limitation of intercrossing, is broken up into groups evolving in different directions. Romanes distinguishes the first as a case of monotypic evolution from the second as a case of polytypic evolution; and reiterates that Darwin overlooked the distinction, and that it was neglected until he and Mr. Gulick, or Mr. Gulick and he, or he and not Mr. Gulick, insisted upon it. Darwin is at pains to show how isolation upon oceanic islands is productive of specific modification, and that at first sight it would seem that islands rather than great land areas were the greatest species producers. But he gives reasons for deciding in favour of the great land areas, and these reasons include the various forms of isolation which other naturalists have discussed at length, such as the periodical breaking up of land areas into islands by changes of level, absence of intercrossing from nature of breeding habits, subjection to different environments and so forth. Moreover he mentions particularly that there was well within his knowledge the discriminate preferential breeding of varieties upon which Mr. Gulick laid so much stress, and which Romanes made the starting point of what he baptized as physiological selection. "I can bring a considerable catalogue of facts," wrote Darwin, "showing that within the same area varieties of the same animal can long remain distinct, from haunting different stations, from breeding at slightly different seasons, or from varieties of the same kind preferring to pair together."

It is plain that only an exaggerated parental affection

for his own ideas could have led Romanes to call the subjects of his third volume "Post-Darwinian Questions." It would be far beyond the truth, on the opposite side from Romanes, to assert that the "Origin" contained the whole body of biological doctrine, and that later writers at the best have been commentators. Many and brilliant additions and emendations have been made since 1859, but we do not associate the name of Romanes with any of them. Moritz Wagner, at great length and with much detail, discussed the relations between natural selection and intercrossing in the absence of geographical isolation. After him Weismann took up the same question with an even greater breadth of treatment. These two, the former with perhaps a bias against natural selection and the latter with perhaps a bias in its favour, made great contributions to theory and to knowledge on these questions, and Darwin, as indeed is admitted in the volume before us, gave the closest attention to their essays. Later on, the Rev. Mr. Gulick, who has no need to be taken under the wing of Romanes, made a particularly careful study of the effect of isolation, apart from at least any obvious influence of selection, in producing new species and new varieties. Mr. Gulick's essays were subsequent to Darwin's death, and were based on a long series of observations of actual species and varieties: a series of observations that would have delighted Darwin. They received the most careful attention from Wallace and other naturalists; but they raised no question that was not already raised. They provided a series of indigestible facts for those naturalists who, unlike Darwin, declare that natural selection is the sole cause of evolution, and they made good sport for reasoners of the type of his Grace of Argyll. To such it became plain at once that if, without the aid of selection, species of snails are being evolved in the valleys of the Sandwich Islands, then the great figment of natural selection has no place in a world under the reign of law.

There is, however, one strictly post-Darwinian matter in Romanes's book, and that is Romanes's insistence on his own idea that the great species producer is reproductive incompatibility. He pointed out, as indeed Mr. Gulick had done, that if in a species a certain number of individuals "sport" into fertility with each other and out of fertility with other members of the species, this segregated set would evolve on different lines from the others. Moreover, if all new species arose in this way, the infertility of allied species would be explained. We can imagine that had this been suggested to Mr. Darwin he would have said, "Yes, yes, good; I never thought of that; and your facts?" But, unfortunately, there are no facts, neither in any previously published writing of Romanes with which we are acquainted, nor in the chapter of this volume headed "Evidences of Physiological Selection."

## THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS.

"The Book of Dreams and Ghosts." By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans. 1897.

WE have Golden Treasuries of every kind, from songs and lyrics to forensic wit and wisdom, and if any man living could give us our Golden Treasury of Dreams and Ghosts, it is Mr. Andrew Lang. An unwearied investigator, with an open mind, with a portentous memory and with hospitable sympathies combined with a most wholesome scepticism, he possesses almost ideal qualification for the task he here undertakes. And yet we must frankly say that we are a little disappointed with his book; it is full of good things, both in the shape of stories and in the way of commentary; it is serious, it is amusing, it is all that the tragi-farce of Dreamland and Ghostland should be; but it is not the ideal anthology. Mr. Lang pays too much attention to what may be called the trivialities and commonplaces of supernaturalism, he allows them to predominate over what is really interesting and memorable. He tells us too much about ghosts which are no ghosts but mere illusions of the senses, like the spectres of which Nicolai gives such a remarkable account in the report of his case to the Prussian Academy of Sciences in 1791, or the

spectres seen by Mrs. A., of which Sir David Brewster gives a still more remarkable account in his "Letters on Natural Magic." He has, moreover, assigned too much space to the phenomena of haunted houses; clanking fetters, falling weights, stumping footsteps, doors opening without hands, *auræ*, rustling dresses, extinguished lights and ringing bells are, like table-rapping and jumping furniture, all very well in their way, but they lead to nothing. It would, however, be doing Mr. Lang great injustice not to acknowledge that many of his stories are among the very best of their kind, and it goes without saying that he tells them as only a master of the art could tell them. We like him as a raconteur, but we like him better as a critic. Some of our readers may remember a very remarkable story communicated in the autumn of 1881 to one of the leading London dailies by the late Surgeon-Major Armand Leslie. It was to the effect that in Tavistock Square, between half past three and four in the morning, which was light and calm, he met an apparition, moving noiselessly as with muffled feet, ghastly pale, dressed in evening clothes, a tall white hat on its head, and with an eyeglass on, and "the moonbeams falling on the corpse-like features revealed a face well known to me, that of a friend and relative." It subsequently turned out that that friend was buried at that very time according to the rites of the Greek Church in the very dress in which the apparition was clothed. Mr. Lang's comment is: "This is a remarkably difficult story to believe. 'The morning light and calm' is lit by the rays of the moon. A man who died in Greece or Russia 'that morning' could hardly be arrayed in evening dress for burial before 4 A.M. Men are seldom buried in eyeglasses—never in tall white hats." Truly

"ridiculum acri

Planus ac melius (multas) plerumque secat res." People may well be forgiven for being sceptical in these matters, for it is melancholy to find how often the best authenticated stories break down on close investigation. A memorable illustration of this will be found in the "Nineteenth Century" for July 1884. The late Sir Edmund Hornby, then Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of China and Japan, related the following story for insertion in that periodical. He had, he said, prepared a judgment to be delivered on 20 January, 1875, and it was his custom to allow the reporter for the "North China Herald" to have a copy of his judgments the night before they were delivered. This particular judgment he had left with his butler for the reporter and had retired to rest. Having gone to bed and to sleep, he was awakened by a tap at the door, and in came, to his astonishment, the reporter asking for the judgment, which could not be found. He protested against this unwarrantable intrusion, but the man, urging with apologies the importance of the case and of the due appearance of a report of it, Sir Edmund acceded to his request and dictated in a low voice—for he did not wish to awaken Lady Hornby—an abstract of the judgment which his visitor appeared to be busily taking down. The man then withdrew and Sir Edmund communicated to his wife, who awoke shortly afterwards, the whole incident. Next morning he was informed that the reporter had died between one and half-past, never having left his house that night. Now here was a story related circumstantially on unimpeachable authority, the narrator having no conceivable motive for deceiving, and adducing in testimony also the evidence of his wife. In the November number appears, from the pen of the editor of the "North China Herald," the following refutation. Sir Edmund could not have communicated with his wife, for there was no such person in existence; his first wife having died two years previously, while his second marriage did not take place till three months after the event he relates. Of the judgment referred to there was no record either in the newspaper specified or in the "Supreme Court and Consular Gazette," where it must have appeared had it been delivered. Lastly, the reporter did not die at one in the morning, but between eight and nine, after a good night's rest. In his reply Sir Edmund practically admits the whole case against himself. The life of Shelley was full of similar delusions, and it would be easy to multiply illustrations in

the case of persons with whom it is difficult to associate such infirmities.

We look in vain for many stories which we should have expected to find in Mr. Lang's book. Certainly no better authenticated ghost evidence was ever before a Court of justice than the famous case tried before the Honourable James Tilgman in Queen Anne's Court, Maryland; and where, too, are the dreams that brought Cordey to justice and completed the evidence which convicted Greenacre? Where are the ghosts to which we owe the translation of Luther's "Table Talk," the recovery of the thirteen missing cantos of the "Divine Comedy," the completion of Bede's epitaph? These are the ghosts which we regret to say Mr. Lang completely ignores, though surely they deserved better treatment at his hands. Dryden tells us that

"Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;  
When monarch reason sleeps this mimic wakes."

But the Greeks more wisely distinguished between dreams and dreams. And how great has been the debt of art and literature to them. But for a dream we should not have had the History of Dion Cassius. Dreams turned both Æschylus and Cædmon to poetry. In a dream Socrates was ordered to verify the fables of Æsop, and Cardan solemnly assures us that he acquired Latin in a dream. To a dream we owe Tartini's "Devil's Sonata" and Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." The finest line in Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning," the line, in fact, out of which the germ of the poem grew, was dreamed—"And coming events cast their shadows before." To a dream we owe the foundation of St. John's College, Oxford. The story is a curious one. Sir Thomas White was informed by a dream that he was to found a college where three several trunks issued from one root. In accordance with his visionary intimation he went to Oxford and, finding, we are told, something like his dream near Gloucester Hall, began to build there. Subsequently, however, he found exactly what his dream pictured on the site of the present St. John's College, discontinued the former building and completed the present College. To these practical ghosts and practical dreams Mr. Lang should, we submit, have paid some attention.

#### A SHETLAND MINISTER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"A Shetland Minister of the Eighteenth Century."  
By Rev. John Willock, B.D. Kirkwall: The  
Leonards. 1897.

IN 1887 the Scottish History Society published the very curious Diary of the Rev. John Mill, who was from 1742 to 1805 minister of the joint parishes of Dunrossness, Sandwick, and Cunningsburgh in the south of Shetland; and this is a memoir founded mainly on the Diary. A man who mounted the pulpit with a broad-brimmed cocked hat tied under his chin and with a bunch of flowers in his hand, and began his sermon, in a fine sonorous voice, "Ye sinners of Cunningsburgh,"—who flatly told Satan's minister, when he was seizing a poor woman as his master's perquisite, "that his master could be assured of none till they were actually damned"—is certainly an interesting figure. It is indeed difficult to realize the world which is here depicted. Satan in bodily form marches into a church and takes his seat at the communion table, the minister preaching at him in Gaelic, while half the congregation is swooning in terror; evil beings in the shape of black sheep or swine lure people over cliffs; young women who have sold themselves to the devil go down at midnight to the sea-shore with lighted candles in their hand to be "claimed" as soon as the candle has burnt out; respectable-looking gentlemen are swept out of houses in clouds of blue and sulphurous flame, leaving on the doorstep "marks as of a cloven foot." While privateers and smugglers keep things lively about the coasts, religious feuds and carnal recreations occupy the godly and ungodly in the villages. Periodical appearances of the pressgangs occasioned general stampedes to the rocks and caves, which gives Mr. Mill a point for his sermon, enabling him to contrast their alacrity in fleeing from the pressgang with



their indifference "to fleeing from the wrath to come." Mr. Mill was plainly not an amiable character. "His relations with his brethren in the ministry," says his biographer, "may be described as those of permanent misunderstanding." Children were so frightened of him that his appearance was the signal for instant flight, but it is satisfactory to know that when they grew up respect for his character took the place of fear. As a father he seems to have been very harsh, though in a weak moment, which he afterwards regretted, he allowed his daughters to add to the accomplishments of "sewing, working of stockings, writing and arithmetic," some lessons in dancing. We are concerned to say that one of his daughters, after delighting him with a written account of her conversion, gave him subsequently occasion to enter in his Diary that "she was too forward in drawing up with young men." We have read this little book with real pleasure and we wish it well.

#### GREECE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Greece in the Nineteenth Century." By Lewis Sergeant. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1897.

GREECE has been peculiarly unfortunate in her advocates. Mr. Sergeant's aim is to show, by a careful historical statement, the obligations of the Western Powers, and of England in particular, to the new Greek kingdom, and to preach the mission and destiny of the Hellenic race, as an outpost of civilization and freedom, not only against the moribund tyranny of Turkey, but also against the encroachments of Russia. The theme is a noble one, and probably all Western politicians would be grateful to Mr. Sergeant if he could indicate the means by which this Hellenic mission and destiny might be accomplished. Such a solution of the Eastern question were devoutly to be wished for. But unfortunately the author persistently ignores one factor of the problem, and that a factor which has contributed in the highest degree to the present troubles. He refuses to allow for the character and the administration of the modern Greeks themselves, but apparently sets up in his mind some ideal Greek nation, the modern representatives of the people to whom we owe the origin of our freedom and our political institutions. This ideal people can do no wrong of itself; every mistake is due merely to the bungling interference of the Western Powers. It is true that, without the help of these Western Powers, independent Greece could hardly have come to exist; but they should have been content with establishing the new kingdom, and enlarging its boundaries at every opportunity, and concerned themselves no further with its internal or external affairs. Of course one who knows as much about modern Greece as Mr. Sergeant cannot shut his eyes altogether to certain defects in the working of the Greek Constitution. "The profession of politics is an open career. . . . The crowds of able men, all anxious to serve their country and themselves, are like a swarm of bees crowding round a hive which is too small for them." These place-hunters are the pest of the country, as any intelligent Greek will tell you; even Mr. Sergeant speaks of "leaders, who more or less unblushingly admitted that they derived their strength from place-hunters and place-seekers, and who, having risen to power by corruption, endeavoured to fortify themselves by illegality." But the fault is not with the Greeks—only with those who have not enlarged the field of their activity enough to give every place-hunter a place! Mr. Sergeant seems to forget that by such enlargement of boundaries the place-hunters as well as the places would be increased; for though some Greeks from Turkish territory may now hold office in Greece, "the physicians, lawyers, administrators and clerks of the Ottoman Empire have been principally Greeks for centuries past." And if these all had to find employment in Greek territory, things would be worse than ever. Moreover, how would the Cretan or the Cypriote, for example, like to see all the salaried posts in his island occupied by "place-hunters" sent from Athens? And is it "the vast overflow of talent" or the aversion to honest work that is at the root of the evil? The

soil clamours for labourers; and if the majority of the students of the Athenian University, as well as the soldiers of the Greek army, would beat their pens into pruning-hooks and their swords into ploughshares the country would have a chance. Free University education may be magnificent in theory, but the wisest of Greek politicians have seen grave danger in a system that empties the country and fills the towns with doctors, lawyers and clerks in search of employment. We should have about 60,000 undergraduates in our Universities were we like Greece in this matter. Certainly the "overflow of talent" has not shown itself capable of collecting the revenues honestly, and administering the service of the State with diligence and economy. But Mr. Sergeant would evidently have taken the man with one talent, and set him over ten cities.

A particular example shows even more plainly the author's bias, and his determination to see nothing but the virtues of the Greeks, and nothing but the faults of their foreign helpers. He attributes the failures of Greece during the War of Independence to the incompetence of her leaders. "Those who have been provided for her by her friends abroad have been scarcely, if at all, more serviceable to her than her own eminent men." Nothing is mentioned about Sir Richard Church, for example, except that he "signally failed" on a certain occasion. The splendid achievements of Church in the face of constant difficulties surely deserved other comment; but the thing ignored here, as elsewhere, by Mr. Sergeant is just what is most important. It was the constant jealousy of his Greek colleagues, the utter lack of discipline and administrative power in the Greek people, that crippled Church's efforts. And, however much the Greeks have advanced since then in other things, are not these same qualities conspicuous in the recent war?

The Greeks have indeed shown a marvellous progress during this century in material prosperity, in individual enterprise, and in intellectual and literary activity. But they have not as yet shown anything like a corresponding advance in political and administrative capacity. If any measure, even a foreign control of their finances, can teach them this lesson also, it will carry them much further towards the fulfilment of their mission and their destiny than any acquisition of territory. Mr. Sergeant's refusal to recognize their defects in this direction must in a great degree discredit a book which otherwise might have carried great weight as an historical plea for their aggrandizement.

The illustrations, consisting of portraits and views of Greece, appear, for the most part, to have no relation whatever to the text, and it is hard to discover on what principle, if any, they have been assigned to their respective pages. In themselves they are well enough, and may increase the sale of the book—thereby fulfilling their purpose.

#### ROBERT THE WISE.

"Robert the Wise, and his Heirs—1278 to 1352." By St. Clair Baddeley. London: Heinemann. 1897.

A STRIKING example of research and exhaustive treatment is afforded in this work, which deals with the most interesting epoch in the history of the Middle Ages—a period possessing for many minds a fascination to which Mr. Baddeley has completely abandoned himself. For two hundred years the Holy See had strenuously endeavoured to enforce her claim to suzerainty over the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, and the thirteenth century witnessed the consummation of the temporal ambition of the Papacy, with its inevitable accompaniment in the general diminution, within the Church, of respect and reverence for a despiritualized Head. It was during the early years of the pontificate of Boniface VIII. that Robert, Duke of Calabria, then not eighteen years old, began to take a prominent place in the affairs of South Italy, and twelve years afterwards, on the death of his father King Charles, he ascended the throne, taking the oath of homage to the Holy See as vassal. The seat of the Papacy, it will be remembered, was at this time at Avignon, not at Rome. Between Pope Clement V. and King Robert the Wise the closest understanding prevailed, and until the death

of the former in 1314 his ambitious policy was steadily and successfully maintained. From that period, however, it became the aim of Robert the Wise to be virtual master of the whole of Italy, and it was then that ideas of national independence also distinctly began to assert themselves, and were encouraged by his foreseeing intelligence. Had he personally been a man of military genius or been served by good captains, he would in all probability have succeeded in constituting a national monarchy, with himself as first sovereign. With the decline of the temporal supremacy of the Papacy, however, the forces of the Crown were equally weakened, and, failing in his great ambition, the closing period of King Robert's long reign of over thirty years was marked rather by the development under his care of the material wealth of the kingdom than by his successes either as warrior or politician. As a patron of the Arts (witness his enthusiastic appreciation of Petrarch), in the great relief from ecclesiastical restrictions accorded by him to secular studies, and through his pre-eminent encouragement of commerce, he must be held to have deserved well of posterity, and yet, save at the hands of such special students as Mr. Baddeley, but little merit has been accorded him in general history.

Under the will of Robert the Wise the eldest of his two granddaughters succeeded to his crown, with the title of Joan I., she being then under eighteen. Ten years before, Joan, then a child of seven, had been affianced to Andrew, Prince of Hungary, a family arrangement of great political importance; and the minority of herself and her husband, her junior by two years, was declared as terminating only in their twenty-fifth year. At the very outset, therefore, the royal young couple found themselves most unfortunately placed, being at once surrounded by the intrigues of the higher officers of State, the results of which were disastrous and lasting. Historical legends treat Joan as weak, vicious, and unprincipled; but to Mr. Baddeley, who has spared no pains in the elucidation of this queen's career, it appears that even as an inexperienced girl of seventeen, surrounded by intriguing and grasping officials, she showed marked courage and determination. Two years after Joan's succession to the throne a hideous calamity overtook her. Her young husband was cruelly assassinated, and she herself was accused of being privy to the crime. The evidence collected in the present work, and summarised with a care and accuracy worthy of all praise, justifies her acquittal. Pope Clement VI., to whom Joan was vassal, claimed the exclusive right of judgment in the matter, and, holding her blameless, became godfather to the son born to her three months after the murder.

From this time the unfortunate Queen of Naples became the centre of intrigues and animosities on every side. With scanty deference to her recent widowhood, her hand was sought by one ambitious rival after another, whilst the family of her murdered husband made every effort to procure her dethronement. In the midst of these cruel and criminal intrigues, two years after Andrew's death, Joan was married to Louis of Taranto. Shortly afterwards her kingdom was invaded by Hungary, and the next four years were marked by reverses and forced banishment, until a treaty of peace, at the instigation of Pope Clement VI., restored her to her kingdom. With the coronation of her husband as King of Naples Mr. Baddeley draws his narrative to a close, quoting from the historian Boccaccio the following verdict: "She has suffered by the crimes of others, flight, exile; by the rude and barbarous habits of her husband; by the envy of great ones, bitter and undeserved opprobrium; against all which she has borne up with a strong heart, and finally, by her invincible courage, has overcome them."

#### HEROIC JAPAN.

"Heroic Japan: a History of the War between China and Japan." By F. W. Eastlake and Yamada Yoshi-aki. London: Sampson Low. 1897.

THIS book may be regarded as the authoritative history of the Chino-Japanese war from the Japanese standpoint. Other accounts of that same

conflict have been published, but this is "absolutely authentic." Not only (so we are assured) have the Imperial household, and the Foreign, War and Navy Departments given the authors free access to all documents bearing upon the war, but "every word has been thoroughly and repeatedly revised by the authorities concerned." The commanders of the various regiments, and most of the officers and men whose deeds are enumerated, have granted personal interviews or supplied desirable details; in fact, "no stone has been left unturned to make the whole narrative thoroughly trustworthy and free from error even in minutiae." We can scarcely regard this plan as the best that could have been pursued to ensure trustworthiness; for there must be many points on which even the Chinese (who of course showed shamefully throughout the war, both on sea and on land) could tell a tale different from that recorded. But it was not to be expected that the Japanese would go out of their way to obtain the Chinese version of doubtful incidents. If we accept this book as the final Japanese version of the details of the war, that is about as far as we are prepared to go. It is an interesting volume, diligently compiled and replete with stories of Japanese heroism.

The idea originated with Dr. Eastlake, who is an American gentleman. From the beginning of the war he had been gathering anecdotes of heroic exploits performed by the Japanese soldiers and sailors; and after consultation with Mr. Yamada, who is President of the Japanese Chautauquan Association, it was decided to incorporate these anecdotes with a veracious history of the war instead of publishing them in a separate form. One half of the stories gathered had to be expunged because they did not survive the ordeal by criticism of these severe searchers after truth. It seems a pity, because there must have been much that was picturesque in the rejected half; but the suppression of such a mass of matter is convincing proof that both gentlemen have been honestly desirous of getting at the solid facts—of course, with the Japanese bias. There is not much that is really new in the account of the war. Though earlier narratives may have erred unintentionally in details, they have not, so far as we can judge, failed to do justice to the Japanese arms. If some of these incidents show the Chinese to have been despicable enemies, they are none the less creditable to the Japanese, and to read them in all their baldness would do any man good. Accepting the word of Messrs. Eastlake and Yamada, we do not question the authenticity of any of these stories, which are, any way, good enough to be true, and at the same time credible enough as incidental to the warlike operations of any reasonably brave nation.

#### THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO.

"The Republic of Plato." Edited, with Critical Notes and an Introduction dealing with the Text, by James Adam, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. University Press. 1897.

MR. ADAM has already proved his competence as a commentator on Plato. This edition puts in a strong light his ability as a critical editor. The principles laid down in his Introduction as to the duty of an editor of Plato leave nothing to be desired; and he has applied his principles in dealing with the text—a praise which cannot be given to all editors. He does not neglect all MS. tradition except that of the Parisian Codex A and the Venetian II. It cannot be denied that there are in other MSS. right readings where A and II are wrong. But, say those who ignore all authority save that of A and II, these right readings are due to conjecture. One of the most certain conjectures ever made on the "Republic" (or indeed elsewhere) is Orelli's *στρατηγικόν* for *στρατηγικόν* in 472 A. This is found in one of the inferior MSS. If it is a conjecture, the *librarian* must have been an unusually good scholar. And when we consider the number and excellence of the corrections of A and II in inferior MSS., it is easier to believe in a tradition independent of these two palmary codices than in the existence of half a dozen copyists who were as good scholars as Estienne, Turnèbe and



the Scaligers. For instance, in 388 E,  $\Sigma$  has  $\epsilon\phi\eta$  for  $\epsilon\phi\eta$  of A; in 411 D for  $\sigma\upsilon\tau\epsilon$   $\mu\alpha\theta\acute{\eta}\mu\alpha\tau\omicron\varsigma$   $\gamma\epsilon\nu\omicron\mu\acute{\epsilon}\nu\omicron\upsilon$   $q$  has the beautiful reading  $\sigma\upsilon\tau\epsilon$   $\mu\alpha\theta\acute{\eta}\mu\alpha\tau\omicron\varsigma$   $\gamma\epsilon\nu\omicron\mu\acute{\epsilon}\nu\omicron\upsilon$ , where the transposition of  $\nu$  and  $\upsilon$  turns a phrase which is hardly Greek into one which is not only Greek but Platonic. Equally certain and pretty are  $\zeta\epsilon\iota$  for  $\zeta\eta\tau\epsilon\iota$  440 C,  $\pi\epsilon\rho\alpha\iota\nu\epsilon\iota$  for  $\pi\alpha\rho\alpha\iota\nu\epsilon\iota$  532 A,  $\xi\nu\alpha\nu\alpha\iota\eta$  for  $\xi\nu\alpha\iota\eta$  540 C,  $\beta\omicron\upsilon\lambda\epsilon\tau\alpha\iota$  for  $\beta\omicron\upsilon\lambda\epsilon\nu\epsilon\tau\alpha\iota$  590 E,  $\alpha\iota\rho\epsilon\iota$  for  $\epsilon\rho\alpha\iota$  604 C,  $\acute{\alpha}\nu\eta\varsigma$  for  $\acute{\alpha}\nu$   $\epsilon\iota\eta\varsigma$  606 C, and  $\epsilon\iota\alpha\theta\epsilon\alpha\tau\epsilon\omicron\nu$  for  $\epsilon\iota\alpha\theta\epsilon\tau\epsilon\omicron\nu$  611 C, all of which are quite beyond the scope of an ambitious copyist, unless he happened to be a mute inglorious Dorat or Muretus. If any MS. presents a reading satisfactory in point of sense and such that it might easily have been corrupted into the existing text of A (a most important principle), it is preferred to any emendation however brilliant. Hence we have  $\iota\delta\iota\omega\tau\omega\nu$  of the codd. in 560 D, Badham's very brilliant  $\delta\epsilon'$   $\acute{\omega}\tau\omega\nu$  being justly rejected with the words "*speciosius quam verius.*" We have, however, Muretus's brilliant  $\acute{\alpha}\delta\omicron\nu\tau\epsilon\varsigma$  for  $\delta\acute{\alpha}\delta\omicron\nu\tau\epsilon\varsigma$  364 C, Wolf's  $\pi\alpha\iota\sigma\iota$  for  $\pi\acute{\alpha}\sigma\iota$  431 C, Bekker's  $\acute{\alpha}\pi\omicron\kappa\eta\mu\epsilon\tau\epsilon\omicron\nu$  445 C, Orelli's  $\acute{\alpha}\theta\lambda\omega\iota\varsigma$  for  $\acute{\alpha}\lambda\lambda\omega\iota\varsigma$  504 A, Madvig's  $\acute{\alpha}\sigma\theta\omicron\mu\epsilon\theta\alpha$  for  $\alpha\iota\sigma\theta\omicron\mu\epsilon\theta\alpha$  608 A. Two very pretty conjectures by the editor himself are admitted into the text— $\acute{\alpha}\pi\lambda\eta\varsigma$  for  $\acute{\alpha}\lambda\lambda\eta\varsigma$  396 E, and  $\delta\epsilon$   $\iota\delta\epsilon$  for  $\delta\epsilon\iota$   $\delta\epsilon$  580 D. We are glad to learn from the introduction that Mr. Adam has in preparation a larger edition of the "*Republic*" in which he will be able to set forth more fully his textual discoveries and to add exegetical and illustrative notes. The present work undoubtedly gives an excellent text constituted on principles clearly laid down and strictly maintained.

#### HORN AND HOOF.

"Nature and Sport in South Africa." By H. A. Bryden. London: Chapman & Hall.

MR. BRYDEN is a charming writer as he is a good sportsman. His latest work contains just the due admixture of sport and natural history to justify its title and to hold the reader. It covers a wide ground, and covers it thoroughly, and, in spite of occasional matters for criticism, the accounts of lowly wading fowl and wandering sand-grouse give evidence of as much care as the more pretentious notices of the greater antelopes that it has been the writer's delight to chase. Or shall we not rather say his painful duty? For it must be confessed that there breathes throughout these pages a contradictory spirit, the absurdity of which must, if we may judge by the prefatory apology, have weighed on the genial writer himself. All these mighty hunters return to us with the somewhat ostentatious humiliation of the reformed rake. They have been largely responsible for the present dwindling of the creatures of nature; to their rifles must be attributed the extinction of the quagga, the gradual retirement of the mountain zebra, the driving further and further north of the mighty eland and elephant. Yet they one and all come back loud in their condemnation of the shocking waste of big-game hunting, eager to dissuade stay-at-home folks from any fancy to follow in their footsteps. They have had their day; they have killed and slaughtered and wasted till their very souls revolt within them, and then they cry: "Hands off! Let us now turn a great tract of South Africa into a national park, so as to preserve what we have spared." Let us not be misunderstood. We are in full sympathy with Mr. Rhodes's projected sanctuary for many rare and beautiful antelopes. It is a grand scheme, and should meet with all support, both at home and abroad. But we cannot overlook the singular appropriateness of such Nimrods as Mr. Selous or Mr. Bryden preaching in their spare moments the doctrine, Live and let live!

The debateable points in Mr. Bryden's charming book are so few that we may fairly enumerate them. In discussing the persecution of Pallas's sand-grouse on the occasion of its last remarkable irruption into these islands, it was somewhat misleading to omit mention of the special Act of Parliament passed, albeit too late, for its protection. We should hesitate to describe the dotterel under the head of a rare British visitor; nor can we concur in the rarity of the crossbill, a bird that breeds somewhat regularly in many districts north

of the Tweed, and is by no means uncommon in certain of our more southern pine woods during the colder months of the year. We must take exception to Mr. Bryden's inclusion of the rhinoceros, fiercest of living vegetarians, under the category beautiful and defenceless. Beautiful it certainly is not; and it is, especially when wounded, able to give a very good account of itself, even to a man well mounted and armed. And, lastly, it seems to us as if, like all repentant sinners, our author has allowed his enthusiasm for the protection of the "fauna and avi-fauna" (why the continual distinction?) to run riot with his judgment, else wherefore his lament over the closing grave of the wildebeeste and mountain zebra? Both the gnus are vicious beyond all other antelopes; they are continually trying to gore their keeper at the Regent's Park Gardens—to the inmates of which, by the way, Mr. Bryden's many allusions are not the least interesting part of this book—and one of them killed only a short while since a man in the employ of Mr. Rhodes. As for the tigrine horse, even Mr. Bryden admits to its having on one occasion bitten the ear off a man as he lay stunned on the earth. The wild creatures of earth are to the naturalist infinitely interesting, but an appeal to the average human being on the desirability of sharing the veldt with ear-eating wild horses and murderous caricatures, half bull, half antelope, wholly devil, is, even from so persuasive a pen, apt to lack sympathetic readers.

#### SONGS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

"Bards of the Gael and Gall." Done into English after the Metres and Modes of the Gael by George Sigerson, M.D. London: Fisher Unwin. 1897.

"Poems." By J. B. Selkirk. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1896.

"Poems." By Matthias Barr. London: Barr.

DR. SIGERSON set himself a formidable task when he attempted to shape into English not merely the buried literature of ancient Ireland, but the very forms and metres of the original. To the student so determined a scheme may add interest to the volume the translator has been able to produce; but to the modern ear, awake for mere charm of rendering, his verse often breaks down overweighted with its purpose. It is impossible for rhyme, with its stricter demands, to replace the involved interlinear assonance of Gaelic usage without becoming at times crabbed or far-fetched; and thus it happens not seldom that, under Dr. Sigerson's mode of treatment, there is less pathos or charm in the rendering than in the prose head-note of the incident with which it deals.

This failure to bring to life in a new form a body of song, once expressive of the emotions of a race susceptible in a very high degree to the poetic thrill, is pathetic. It is also instructive. Poetry so native, so racy of the soil, clings to the simplest imagery and words: its atmosphere can only be kept by sheer intimacy of touch, by absolute relation between word and emotion. It is the same with the poetry of Scotland: if one attempts even so slight and partial a transition of form as the substitution of pure words for dialect, one discovers at once how rivetted to its actual vehicle is such poetry of simple elemental emotion. It is no depreciation of this class of poetry to assert that its essence cannot be reached apart from its identical form. It is rather an assertion of the embodiment in every language of a germ, at the very root of it, spreading through its growth, disappearing when it dies—the soul, that to the human eye vanishes when the body goes into dissolution. Thus Dr. Sigerson brings us rather to a *stagnation* of the literature he loves than to the literature itself: there is a constant impression upon us of something beautiful which has failed to find form. At times, however, the translator has reached surprisingly near to success through his difficulties: this, taken from the early Christian period, seems as beautiful and tender as is possible:—

"Jesukin  
Lives my little cell within;  
What were wealth of cleric high—  
All is lie but Jesukin.

Sons of Kings and kingly kin  
To my land may enter in ;  
Guest of none I hope to be  
Save of Thee, my Jesukin.

Unto Heaven's High King confest,  
Sing a chorus, maidens blest !  
He is o'er us, though within  
Jesukin is on my breast !"

But the reader will see, from this simpler specimen, what a task of fidelity Dr. Sigerson has set himself. Even as it stands the collection is of infinite interest, and we trust it will find many readers to say against all critics the verse from Oisín given in the preface to the volume :—

"If thou, as I, but knew the tale  
It sings to all the Ancient Isle,  
Thy tears would rise, and thou would'st fail  
To mind thy God a while."

Mr. Selkirk is excellent so long as his song sounds north of the Border. It is curious to find so much sincerity of expression and power of narrative in the verses that are locally coloured side by side with quite other work, feeble and artificial, where a more correct and literary form is attempted; strange, too, that with so keen a perception of things as the writer must have had in order to produce the two "Epistles to Tammus," he has not had perception enough to cut his book in half and keep one for private consumption only. Quotation hardly does justice to the sort of verse in which the author is at his best; but from the "Last Epistle to Tammus" we take the following :—

"Ah, Tam ! gie me a Border burn  
That canna rin without a turn,  
And wi' its bonnie babble fills  
The glens amang oor native hills.  
I see't this moment, plain as day,  
As it comes bickerin' o'er the brae,  
Atween the clumps o' purple heather,  
Glistenin' in the summer weather,  
Syne divin' in below the grun',  
Where hidden from the sicht and sun  
It gibbers like a deed man's ghost  
That clamours for the licht it's lost,  
Till oot again the loupin' limmer  
Comes dancin' doon through shine and shimmer  
At headlong pace, till wi' a jaw  
It jumps the rocky waterfa'  
And cuts such cantrips in the air,  
The picture-pentin' man's despair."

It is a pity that Mr. Selkirk's native pronunciation should work its way into his English pieces, and force him to rhyme "girl" with "laurel"; this may do in dialect, but not out of it.

What we have said of Mr. Selkirk's poems applies also to Mr. Barr's: to the good in a minor degree, to the bad in a major. The prettiest verse we have found in the book is this :—

"Crossin' owre the stappin' stanes,  
Singing to hersel', sae sweet,  
While, like trouties, up an' down  
Cam' and gaed her dimpled feet."

We have read all the poems of Scottish dialect, and have tried hard to read all the English ones. It is curious how the average Scot manages to localize his sense of poetry.

#### FICTION.

"Queen of the Jesters; and her Strange Adventures in Old Paris." By Max Pemberton. London: C. Arthur Pearson. 1897.

THE Queen of the Jesters was a noble and very eccentric lady, named Corinne de Montessor, who established herself in the Rue St. Paul and patronized all the rogues and vagabonds of Paris during the reign of Louis XV. Mr. Pemberton has evolved eight short stories with her as *deus ex machina*. They are obviously modelled on the Stanley Weyman pattern, and would deserve some commendation if they clashed somewhat less with history and common-sense. Once divest ourselves of all care for probability, and we may take pleasure in the nightmare sensations which he affords us. "A Prison of Swords" is perhaps the most thrill-

ing of the stories. It depicts horrors in the *oubliettes* of the Bastille with a wealth of imagination which would please apologists of the Revolution, and rises to its climax with considerable dramatic effect. "The Liberty of the Little Red Man," a vivid account of a highwayman's escape, is in a lighter vein and shows us Mr. Pemberton at his best. The worst of historical romance is that one expects it to be founded upon fact. Mr. Pemberton's is very bad history, but, on the whole, very passable romance. He would challenge less criticism if he were content to locate the children of his imagination in "the kingdom of Once-upon-a-time."

"Seeing Him Through: a Racing Story." By Nat Gould. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1897.

Mr. Gould has perhaps written about the world as he found it in Australia, but if so, it is a world which appears very queer to us. He tells us of a number of racing men, who yearn and struggle, with lumps in their throats, to make each other accept cheques for £10,000; he depicts a Derby with ten runners and the favourite at ten to one a few weeks before the race; he enlarges upon the qualms of conscience felt by a burly owner of racehorses when he has taken advantage of a permission to kiss a pretty girl on the forehead; and he represents a fashionable London lady wondering whether she may presume to invite a local actress to her house without risking a snub. The various races are vividly described, but the plot as a whole is a mere echo of every melodrama we ever saw. There are kidnapped heiresses, a sleek villain who finds convenient occasions to drop mysterious drugs into the heroine's coffee, and a stagelike murder-trial, where the accused, though represented by counsel, is allowed to make a moving speech, which secures what Mr. Gould calls "a triumphal acquittal." On the whole, despite some vulgarity and a simplicity which often borders on the grotesque, "Seeing Him Through" is worth glancing through by those who have nothing better to do.

"Through Another Man's Eyes." By Eleanor Holmes. London: Jarrold. 1897.

The title-page tells us that Mrs. or Miss Holmes had already written a large number of books, but her style and methods are still those of the very raw amateur. We are irritated by finding two stories going on at the same time. The author darts to and fro between them, and we feel all the while that we have read and been bored by them both before. There are far too many characters, and none of them emerge from the common rut. There is the usual retiring clergyman who loves an heiress in secret, but "the shadow of her gold was between them." All the characters discuss their most private family affairs in the most confiding manner with every stranger they meet, and they all say "don't" when they mean "doesn't." Here is a specimen of the originality and philosophy of the book :—"I think dogs know who are their true friends." And this is a touch of romance which deserves to be immortalized for its bathos rather than its pathos :—Midnight in a garden; the heroine issues forth in long white garments, bearing a bright lamp in her hand; her lover asks her errand and learns that she has come out to slay snails and slugs.

"When Passions Rule: a Romance." By Frank Hart. London: Digby, Long. 1897.

"Passions rule" this romance with a vengeance. The villain is a bold bad baronet who steals a will, which he is anxious to destroy, as it benefits the favoured lover of the girl he has sworn to make his own. Instead of investing in a box of matches, he takes endless trouble to hide the will in "the haunted pit," a disused shaft, where he has violent palpitations and thinks he sees the ghost of the testator. The hero calls him a "blackguard foul and dangerous," whereupon he retorts that the hero is a "country-bred youth." The villain goes about with an ivory stiletto, which he means to plunge into the hero's heart. After each wild tirade, he fills his glass with brandy and, "overcome by its secret curse, falls asleep in his chair, where, snoring like a beast, he remains till morning." Of course he drugs the heroine. "Before her, with a



licentious leer, stood the Baronet." All his efforts fail to coerce her into marriage; he carries her off to the nearest railway, is overtaken and tried in court, where a former wife turns up and accuses him of an attempt to poison her. He is duly sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and the hero, having become a clergyman, "takes to wife the woman he loves."

"The Career of Candida." By George Paston. London: Chapman & Hall. 1897.

The "Career of Candida" was decidedly an original one, and the conception of her character is clever and ingenious. Our introduction to the child is pleasantly humorous, when she stubbornly declines to go on praying because she has no immediate answer to her somewhat exacting petitions. She grows up like the masculine heroine of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "Lady of Quality," with boyish tastes and semi-boyish costume. After she had bloomed out at sixteen this peculiar young woman "gets sick of being perpetually told that she is pretty." Her easy-going and eccentric father indulges her in her whims and fancies, in over-confident reliance on her common sense. Original in all things, the strong-minded and able-bodied girl goes forth into the great world of London, where she gets a decent livelihood as a teacher of gymnastics and fencing. She drifts in her impulses without chart or compass, and makes as bad a business of matrimony as it is easy to conceive. Marriages are said to go by contraries, and Candida, chiefly out of compassion, bestows her muscular hand on one of the weakest and worst of men, morally and physically. City affairs are apparently in much favour with novelists at present, and certainly the excitements of the Stock Exchange seem to "catch on." Candida's husband plunges on worthless paper and in time bargains: his wife detects him in incomparable meannesses, and learns to her cost that he is an inveterate liar; moreover, he betrays her with her familiar friend. The inevitable separation follows, and she falls back on a platonic comradeship, which is approaching a disastrous and immoral *dénouement* when the creature of impulse is saved from guilt by a shock and surprise which bring revulsion of sentiment. Disillusioned of her ideals, she accepts a dreary existence with sobriety of purpose, and does penance for the freaks of the past as the slave of self-imposed duties. The practice of virtue brings its own reward. Her step is buoyant as before, because the yoke lies upon her neck again. The spirited story is perhaps none the less piquant because Mr. Paston touches delicate subjects with almost feminine frankness.

"The Beetle" (Skeffington & Son), by Richard Marsh, gives us a new thing in "creeps" in the way of an old man with a woman's body, a chinless and hairless face, and a knack of turning, when convenient, into a monstrous beetle, and walking up his acquaintances with gluey feet that stick at every step. These gifts do not make for popularity, and when a railway accident reduces him to "a deposit of some sort of viscid matter," there is great relief among the few characters left alive and in their senses. With the assistance of his really admirable portrait in the frontispiece, the Beetle does occasionally succeed in making the flesh creep. More often he misses fire. The author has neither Poe's command of terror nor Mr. H. G. Wells's of plausibility. One feels the thing to be egregious at every step. Nevertheless, it is good reading, so far as it goes.

"The Gods Arrive" (Heinemann), by Annie Holdsworth, can hardly be ranked with "Joanna Traill" or "The Years that the Locust hath Eaten," but is above the general run of novels for all that. Franklin is a little of a "woman's man," and Katherine, the would-be labour-leader, is perhaps also a little of a "woman's woman," and hardly likely to fascinate the general reader. Peggy, the horse-breaker, is good; but the cream of the book is old Martha, the one absolutely new and delightful character in it. She reminds one now of Juliet's nurse, now of Richard Feverel's "Mrs. Berry"; but beyond a touch or two of these, she is a creation to herself, and the author may be proud of her.

Since "A Village Tragedy," we have read nothing

more pathetic in its way than "Maime of the Corner" (Harper & Brothers), by M. E. Francis. It could hardly be prettier, more charming or more touching than it is. Mrs. Blundell is past-mistress of this special style of writing.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

LOOKING back upon the literary activity of the last two months, one marvels at the fact that so little of it remains in the memory. Of the making and publishing of books there has been no end; but, if we except the Life of the late Laureate and the epoch-marking birth of the Caine epic, the general output has been characterized by a level, solid, middle-class excellence.

The coming week will probably see the production by Mr. Elkin Mathews of the late Roden Noel's "Selected Poems." The volume has been edited by Mr. Percy Adleshaw, with the assistance of the poet's sister, Lady Victoria Buxton.

The conversion from Atheism to the blessings of Christianity is the venerable theme of Mrs. Alice M. Dale's new novel, "Marcus Warwick," which Messrs. Kegan Paul are producing next week. The author hails from South Australia.

Several important book sales will be held at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms next week. On Monday they will bring to the hammer a selection from the library of the late Hon. Percy Ashburnham, among which are some rare editions of King James's Bible, containing the original errors, a very scarce edition of Skelton's translation of "Don Quixote" and a black-letter "Book of Christian Prayers," 1578, containing fine woodcut borders after Holbein and Dürer. On Thursday will be dispersed an amateur's collection of classical works in magnificent bindings, the specimens forwarded certainly being a revelation; and on Friday and Saturday, a portion of the books and manuscripts collected by the late G. T. Robinson. Conspicuous among these are some first editions of Mr. Ruskin's works, a "Devoute Treatyse in English called the Pilgrimage of Perfection" by Wynkyn de Worde, 1531, with coloured woodcuts, and a copy of the only edition known of the "Tresplaisante et Recreative Hystoire du Trespreulx et Vaillant Chevallier Perceval le galloys Jadis Chevallier de la Table ronde," Paris, 1530.

The Cambridge Press has now ready Professor Jebb's edition of the seven plays of Sophocles, to which the editor has furnished an introduction.

A work of utility to tourists and amateur archaeologists is about to be published by Messrs. Gay & Bird in "The Progress of Art in English Church Architecture." The author is Mr. T. S. Robertson.

The second volume of Dr. J. Punnett Peters's "Nippur; or, Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates," is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Putnam's Sons, who have also in the press some New England sketches by Anna Fuller, entitled "Pratt Portraits."

Mr. William Nicholson's drawings for his "Almanac of Twelve Sports for 1898" is to have additional value given to it by verses written by Mr. Kipling. It is promised this month by Mr. Heinemann.

The old order changeth. It seems that the new arbiter of a book's destiny is the Pulpit, not the Press. The merits of "The Christian" and "Liza of Lambeth" have been publicly discussed by eminent divines, consequently their sales grow ever larger. Truly, advertisement makes strange bedfellows.

The third week of this month has been fixed by Messrs. A. & C. Black for the publication of "The Story of Mr. Gladstone's Life," by Mr. Justin McCarthy. Their other forthcoming works include "Cairo of Today," by Mr. C. Godfrey Leland, and "North America," by Mr. L. W. Lyde, in their School Geography series.

Reproductions of Mr. John Fulleylove's classical paintings in Greece are being published in an expensive volume by Messrs. Dent, with the title "Pictures and Studies of Greek Landscape and Architecture." The accompanying text is supplied by Mr. H. W. Nevinson.

Among Messrs. Longman's early productions will be found Mr. Herbert Vivian's appreciation of "Servia, the Poor Man's Paradise."

Mr. George Allen's tasteful contributions to Christmas gift-books comprise Professor Attwell's selection of "Pansies from French Gardens," and Miss Geraldine Mockler's "Spring Fairies and Sea Fairies," fully illustrated by Miss Nelly Benson, who has also supplied the twelve full-page pictures to a "Calendar for 1898."

"The Highlands in 1749" is the title of Mr. Andrew Lang's new book which Messrs. Blackwood are publishing. The same publishers are also about to issue Mr. Blackmore's romance, "Dariel."

Messrs. Methuen are adding to their "Leaders of Religion" Dr. Jessopp's "Life of John Donne."

The ubiquitous wheel is again to the front in Mr. Charles Edwardes's travel volume, "In Jutland with a Cycle," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are bringing out.

Several volumes of poetry figure among Messrs. Constable's autumn productions, chief among them being Mrs. E. Nesbit's "Songs of Love and Empire," C. M. Gemmer's "Fidelis; and other Poems," and "A Tale of Boccaccio; and other Poems," by Mr. Arthur Coles Armstrong. A work of historical interest should be Mr. J. Nisbet Bain's "Pupils of Peter the Great."

In a week or two Messrs. Chatto & Windus promise us Mark Twain's fresh working of an old vein, in "More Tramps Abroad."

It would be interesting to have a census of the grey ladies in fiction. The number is to be increased by Mrs. C. N. Williamson's "Woman in Grey," which Messrs. Routledge have in hand. Sensation and mystery are the chief ingredients.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The French Revolution: a History." By Thomas Carlyle. 3 vols. "The Temple Classics." London: Dent. 1897.

MESSRS. DENT have done well to add Carlyle's great prose epic to their "Temple Classics," but we think that in this particular instalment there are two somewhat serious defects. In the first place, the paper is much too thin, thin even to transparency, the type of the succeeding page being embarrassingly discernible through that of the page which precedes. In the second place, it was in our opinion a great mistake to relegate Carlyle's notes and references from their natural position at the foot of the pages to the end of the volume. The editor's notes are so meagre and useless that they could well have been dispensed with, but the brief marginal analysis and the biographical index are useful additions.

"Notes on Political Economy from the Colonial Point of View." By a New Zealand Colonist. London: Macmillan. 1897.

The special "colonial point of view" of the "New Zealand Colonist," as developed in these eight rather slightly connected essays, is semi-Socialistic; he attacks, at any rate, the old Individualistic position of the man *versus* the State, and contends that the immediately pressing need of Political Economy is the investigation, no longer of the conditions that control the creation of wealth, but of the laws that govern its partition. We observe, however, that the writer's Socialism is economical rather than political or ethical; drink-prohibition, for instance, is, in his eyes, merely an "arbitrary and inquisitorial" piece of legislation. A good deal of the book will prove rather elementary reading to serious students of economics—the chapters, for instance, dealing with joint-stock companies and the distinction between capital and credit; whilst, on the other hand, the work is far too discursive and unsystematic to prove of any particular value to novices in the science. Its principal value remains, accordingly, in its presentation of points of view which are really and distinctively Colonial—in its spirited defence, for example, of the principles of Protection, and in its statement of the growth of a national sentiment in the Colonies and of their relation to the Mother-country. These are topics which cannot fail to interest us at the present moment. It is to be assumed, however, that "A New Zealand Colonist" is qualified to speak only on behalf of New Zealand, and even his enthusiastic advocacy of the pet Colonial heresy of Protection needs considerable qualification in the light of recent Canadian proposals.

"The Book-Plate Annual and Armorial Year-Book, 1897." By John Leighton, F.S.A. London: A. & C. Black. 1897.

"Flaming June," "The North-West Passage," "The Venus de Milo," "Trilby," and "Sir Gawaine, shy Penance,"

are doubtless in their respective ways most admirable works of art, but they have no relation to book-plates or to heraldry, and we fail to see the reason of their introduction in the "Book-Plate Annual and Armorial Year-Book." We fail even to see the appropriateness of the portraits and biographical memoirs of Lord Leighton, Millais and Du Maurier. As a heraldic work the book is pure drivel. But let us look at it from the standpoint of its title. A reproduction of Millais's own book-plate is given. It shows six quarterings, none of which will stand investigation; and an impalement for her ladyship equally lacking authority. Another illustration is given of the arms of Sir John Millais, and in these the crest and shield are correctly given: but the author goes out of his way to say that these are "no modern grant, but a record of the past." As a matter of fact the arms of Millais were granted in 1885. The chief prominence is, however, given to three fantastic achievements for Lord Leighton, Millais and Du Maurier, which Mr. Leighton boasts that he invented himself. Speaking of Lord Leighton's shield (from which, by the way, the mark of his Baronetcy is omitted), our author says, "We have wyverns and fesses of the Salopian Leightons differently disposed . . . the supporters being horses of helicon—a gift on our part to complete a worthy blazon." There is no fesse at all on the shield of either Lord Leighton or of the Shropshire family of that name, and Lord Leighton died before any grant of supporters had been issued to him. We are aware Lord Leighton deluded himself into the idea that he was of Salopian ancestry, and descended from the ancient family of Leighton of Leighton and Wattlesborough (now represented in the male line by Sir Bryan Leighton, Bart. of Loton), and chose the title of Baron Leighton of Stretton in the county of Salop. Lord Leighton owned no yard of land in Shropshire, and there is no evidence to justify the alleged descent. Some enterprising news agency even sent a paragraph round the papers at the time of Lord Leighton's funeral that the late Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart., "cousin of the deceased," would attend as chief mourner. Now who started that pretty little fairy tale? The "thing" Mr. John Leighton palms off as the "achievement of George Du Maurier" we think must surely have escaped from "Punch." A painter's palette for a shield, seven blobs of paint for charges, a wreath of immortelles for a collar of knighthood. A mediæval helmet and mantling supports a cheeky chubby cherub for a crest. And what, think ye, for supporters? Venus de Milo sitting down! and Trilby standing up! spurning the winged dragon Svengali. Poor Du Maurier! poor Trilby! A reproduction of Lord Pirbright's book-plate shows impaled the old bogus and discarded coat of Faudel-Phillips. On the cover is Mr. John Leighton's own "so-called" coat-of-arms. The arms are really those entered in Lyon Register in the seventeenth century by Robert Lygton, Colonel in the service of the King of Sweden. He is not an ancestor of Mr. John Leighton, and the latter, as far as we can ascertain, has no right to these or to any arms. Mr. Leighton, we are aware, *states* (we should be glad of a little evidence) that these arms have been "used by his family for generations." The funny point is that for years Mr. Leighton used simultaneously two book-plates, the one showing the crest and motto of the Shropshire Leighton family, and the other the crest and motto of the Scottish Lygton family, evidently halting between two opinions. Cannot he come to a decision?

"The Stapletons of Yorkshire." By H. E. Chetwynd-Stapylton. London: Longmans. 1897.

To his previous work, "The Chetwynds of Ingestre," Mr. Chetwynd-Stapylton now issues a companion, "The Stapletons of Yorkshire," and of this there can be but one verdict—to wit, an admirable record of a worthy family. Had they been less worthy it is probable the book would have been less modest, but Mr. Chetwynd-Stapylton can afford to let the simple truth tell its own tale of the lives of his ancestors and their place in the history of this realm. As an example of a family history we should like to commend it to all those who have issued such volumes that the majority may blush by the comparison, and to all those who have such work in contemplation that they may profit by the example. The primary and essential excellence of the book lies in the following particular, that whilst the book is written in a continuous narrative—and a most interesting narrative it is, by the way—not one single fact does the author put forward without the evidence or authority by virtue of which he makes it. That some of his "authorities" are works of less real value than his own is his misfortune. On the cover is the achievement of the Barons Beaumont, presently, in point of position, head of the Stapleton family. The two talbots, as in the printed Peerage books, figure as supporters. The Stapleton family have used them on and off since 1463, but no authority exists for their usage, and they are only claimed "by right of usage" by the Stapleton family. As commoners they have no right to bear them. As an appanage of the Barony of Beaumont they do not and never have existed. The Barons Beaumont are not male descendants of the Stapletons, though they bear the name, and the barony did not vest in any one bearing the name of Stapleton until 1840. So that it is a most decidedly ridiculous assumption for the Barons Beaumont to impound these two talbots to their use. Probably the present infant Baroness is



much more concerned with her rattle and dolls than with her supporters; but there are others bearing the name and title who might well be expected to attend to this and see that their improper use is dropped. Now that we have pointed the matter out, perhaps the Editors of "Burke" and "Debrett" will remove these dogs of chase from their pages.

"Records and Record Searching." By Walter Rye. London: George Allen. 1897.

It is so seldom that one can thoroughly commend a genealogical book that we are glad to draw attention to "Records and Record Searching," a second edition of which is just published. It very clearly sets forth the various sources of information open to the genealogist and points out the class of information likely to be obtained in each case, and at the same time shows the simplest way to set about obtaining the desired information. But we are at the moment in ignorance of Papworth's "Ordinary of Bristol (*sic*) Armorial," and we demur to Mr. Rye's statement that it is well-established law that a man may change his surname of his "mere motion." The proof of this we have been hunting for years, and our research distinctly points to the contrary. In reciting the Record Office Regulations Mr. Rye's footnote shows evidence of his own little worries there: "If any two searchers want to carry on an animated conversation in high voices on literary or domestic subjects they would find the corridor admirably adapted for that purpose. The gentleman who reads records to himself in a loud voice with chuckling accompaniments expressive of high delight or disgust might be cautioned," &c.

"The Secret Cabinet of History." By Doctor Cabanes. Paris: Carrington. 1897.

This book, published in Paris and excellently translated by Mr. Costello, is one of the most interesting curiosities for the collector of strange books that has appeared of late years. The interest is purely medicinal, and ought to produce the most lively emotions among medical men. The several essays of which it is composed are simply accounts, compiled from secret letters and records, of the loathsome diseases of the French kings, and detailed narrations of their wives' accouchements. To the lay mind the book is interesting, because it is so obviously genuine and because it shows with singular and cynical clearness how a pain in the stomach may alter the destinies of a kingdom.

#### REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

IN the "Nineteenth Century" for November most people will turn at once to the last article, one in which Mr. John Morley continues the excursion into early Italian politics, begun by his Romanes lecture on "Machiavelli." He treats this time of Guicciardini, the friend and contemporary of Machiavelli, whom as historian and man of affairs many people, including Cavour, Bolingbroke and Thiers, have thought superior to the author of "The Prince." It is clear that he was considerably less scrupulous in his dealings, and that self-interest instead of patriotism was his mainspring of action. It is not, however, so much what Mr. Morley has to tell us about Guicciardini that is interesting as what he tells us between the lines about himself. Mr. Morley has never been at his ease in the world of politics. In a dull, plodding sort of way, but through no genius for statesmanship, he has been occasionally useful, yet from time to time when he returns to his books his disenchantment with the whole business of politics becomes apparent. Guicciardini wrote a book of maxims in his later years, when he had lost all credit and power. In one place he quotes with approval Messer Antonio of Venafrò's saying—Place seven or eight clever men together, and they become so many fools. Mr. Morley seems almost inclined to approve also, and quotes Voltaire's spiteful way of putting it, "Quand les hommes s'attrouperent, leurs oreilles s'allongent," but eventually falls back on his admired Burke, who said, "Man is a most unwise and a most wise being. The individual is foolish. The multitude for the moment is foolish, when they act without deliberation; but the species is wise, and when time is given to it as a species it almost always acts right." To these exiguous dimensions it would seem Mr. Morley's faith in democracy has been reduced. In one place, quoting with approbation Selden's "Aye or No never answered any question," he seems almost on the verge of Pyrrhonism, the most dangerous possible state of mind for a politician. The article which has the first place in the magazine, that by Signor Crispi on "The Dual and Triple Alliance," certainly does not deserve it for its contents, and one would have thought that the name of so utterly discredited a statesman was now of no value. Of course he praises the Triple Alliance and attacks the Dual Alliance, which he maintains will certainly bring on war. The man who ruined Italy for the sake of the Triple Alliance could do no less. Sir Robert Giffen attacks the bimetallicists again, his conclusion being that it really does not matter whether a country has a gold standard or a silver standard, provided only that it has a single standard and sticks to it. Sir Joshua Fitch expostulates yet again on the religious question in

schools, and warns the Church party that they will alone be to blame if the present compromise is replaced by a purely secular system. The more important question of technical education and its encroachments on University education is vigorously treated by Professor Mahaffy, in a reprint of his address at the Mason College, Birmingham, last September. He inveighs strongly against the sham Arts course by means of which medical and engineering students at Oxford and Cambridge are enabled to take their degree, and he describes University Extension as the administration of homœopathic or sugared doses of university culture by popular lecturers. "Ouida" alternately pats Mr. Marion Crawford on the back and criticises him severely for his Italian novels, and Mrs. Hogg describes graphically the dreadful conditions under which the fur-pullers of South London do their work. Of Sir Wemyss Reid's "Some First Impressions" there is nothing to be said except that they are superficial observations during a month's cruise in the Baltic in a "co-operative yacht." Has he, too, joined the noble army of tourist agents' peripatetic lecturers? We thought everyone knew, except the present Earl Nelson, that Nelson himself was the son of a poor country parson, and had a milliner for sister, a country grocer for brother, and a shoemaker for uncle, but Mr. W. Laird Clowes writes all this down as if it were a new discovery of his own. Major Lugard writes with authority on the liquor traffic in West Africa, Sir John Lubbock scrappily about the taxation of Ireland, and there is an unimportant story of a German schoolboy, by Mrs. Blyth. Prince Kropotkin's articles on "Recent Science" are always excellent, and this month in his description of the present state of our knowledge with regard to the formation of mountains and agricultural bacteriology he shows again the industry and understanding with which he keeps abreast of progress in every department of science.

The "Contemporary Review" also has its article on the Dual Alliance, but Dr. E. J. Dillon writes with much more knowledge and insight than Signor Crispi, although the latter has been a Prime Minister. Dr. Dillon points out that the Triple Alliance is practically defunct. It is "a political capital, the value of which cannot possibly be realised" in view of the crippled condition of Italy, the internal dissensions in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and also, it is to be added, the growing strength of the Opposition in Germany. But if the Triple Alliance was nothing but an armed Peace Society, the Dual Alliance is no less so, with the important difference that the hegemony of Europe is now with France and Russia instead of with Germany. The most important part of Mr. Dillon's article is, however, his review of the question, How is Great Britain likely to be affected by this complete shift in the balance of power in Europe? Every Continental statesman with whom he has talked on the subject declared, he says, that England has come to be viewed with undisguised mistrust even by those politicians who admire her, not on account of the tendency of British policy, but because, as they think, it has none. This is the natural result of a weak policy, and it is to be admitted that of late years the English Foreign Office has shown undeniable signs of weakness. Dr. Dillon reviews the position of affairs in China, in Siam, in Annam, in Tunis, in West Africa, not to speak of the muddle in Eastern Europe, and comes to the conclusion that, though the one negative proposition amongst the Continental Powers is the paramount necessity of avoiding hostilities amongst themselves, they are cordially agreed upon the plan of combining diplomatically against England. A vigorous British foreign policy is the only effective answer to this, and Dr. Dillon suggests as its heads a serious bid for the friendship of Russia, a steady increase of the Navy, a new commercial policy, based on a retaliatory tariff system, and if possible an inter-British Customs Union. On most points we agree with him; but, like him, we are not very hopeful that this vigorous foreign policy will be soon established. The remaining articles in the November number are of medium interest. Mrs. Oliphant's last work—her history of the House of Blackwood—is a very interesting book; but it seems scarcely fair to its publishers that it should have been so thoroughly gutted as it has been in a number of places by reviewers, and as it is here again by A. M. Stoddart. Interest in the religious question, in spite of the imminent School Board elections, is languid, and only a vigorous partisan will be tempted to read through Mr. Lyulph Stanley's heavy article on the subject. Mr. Andrew Carnegie addresses himself to the question, Does America hate England? and argues on the blood-is-thicker-than-water basis that she does not. Actions speak louder than Mr. Carnegie's words, it may be retorted, and it is noticeable that he makes a violent attack upon Canada in his article in order to defend the action of the United States over the Behring Sea question. In characteristic American fashion he exclaims in another place that the United States will fight any nation—even Great Britain—in defence of peaceful arbitration. Americans have been very energetic lately in making broad their phylacteries. Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther Thompson continue their speculations about the origin of the artistic sense, with which our contributor D. S. M. has already dealt. Miss Agnes Grace Weld, a niece of Tennyson's, contributes an independent view of her uncle's personality, which has not been submitted

to any of the poet's relations before publication; but she adds nothing to our knowledge of his character. The trade of the British Colonies is reviewed at length by Mr. Mulhall on the data supplied by Mr. Chamberlain's recent Blue Book. He unsuccessfully attempts to minimize the one significant fact which the Blue Book teaches—namely, that the trade of the Colonies with Great Britain has increased only 2 per cent. during the last ten years, whilst their trade with foreign countries has increased 30 per cent. Sir Edmund Verney increases our distrust of milk as a beverage by an article on its bacterial inhabitants. The interesting part of his article is a description of the culture of those bacteria which are concerned in the conversion of cream into butter. A Danish chemist has succeeded in isolating certain bacteria which give to butter a delicate pleasant aroma, and pure cultures of these bacteria are already largely used in Germany, Scandinavia, and America for the purpose of properly ripening cream. Mrs. Caillard addresses herself to the old question of God and Nature, but says nothing which has not been said better before by others, and Mr. Arnold White deals with the Jewish question and more especially with the condition of the Russian Jews, whose distressful condition he describes at first hand. He admits, however, that he does not quite see how the Russian Government could act otherwise towards them than it does, save at the risk of having the Russian Empire submerged by Jewish profligacy and its people impoverished by Jewish usury. Mr. Grenfell in an article on Bimetallism and the Bank replies to an attack upon him in the last number of the Review, and the Right Hon. James Bryce contributes an article on the New York mayoralty election, the conclusion of which is that, even though Tammany wins, as it has won, the best men in both political parties are feeling more clearly than they have ever felt before the necessity of destroying a sordid and corrupt administration, and are throwing themselves into the work with real zeal.

There is an excellent sketch of German home politics in the "Edinburgh Review," full, clear, sympathetic. The various parties (ten in all, to say nothing of the unattached *Wilde*) are distinguished with their aims, and the writer bestows especial notice upon the Prussian agrarian party, the landed gentry who have done so much for Prussia in the past, and still supply officers and bureaucrats, a section who have been wronged, unavoidably perhaps, but still wronged, and embittered by the march of events, the growth of trade and riches in the towns and manufacturing districts. The Emperor is treated with a fairness which may be commended to the imitation of Englishmen—those, at any rate, who have no special knowledge of the difficulties that beset his path. The review of Mr. Justin McCarthy's latest contribution to contemporary history contains some good points. The House of Commons is becoming more and more the servant of the Executive, rather than a miniature representation of the nation engaged in independent discussion and debate. There is a sketch of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who meant too well by his art to become a successful painter, and some notes—"The Plain of Thebes"—on the fascinating subject of Pharaohs and tombs. Of course it was necessary that there should be an article on the Tennyson Biography; necessity, in this case, has failed to bring forth anything that could be dignified by the name of invention.

The "Church Quarterly" remains always one of the most satisfactory of periodicals; the combination of scholarship with a tenacious unity of tone has a rare attractiveness. For once in a way it is literally true that the number of good things makes choice a difficult matter. The sketch of Cyprian, after Archbishop Benson, the notes on the Bishops of Lincoln, the review of St. Augustine's Mission, are all excellent pieces of work, and so is the account of Dr. Samuel Butler, the great headmaster of Shrewsbury, though the writer of the article falls foul of the biographer, Butler's grandson, who has made such entertaining discoveries about the woman who wrote the "Odyssey." Another contributor passes in review the attitudes of the earliest missionaries towards heathen religions.

The "Law Quarterly" contains a comparison between English and German divorce law. Mr. Hirschfeld points out that in Germany there is no such thing as judicial separation, and that the sexes are on an equal footing; at the same time the relative grounds of divorce are set forth too vaguely: what is "a grave violation of the matrimonial duties"? what is "dishonourable conduct"? Mr. Courtney Kenny contributes an account of a puzzling case that stands second only to the Tichborne trial in the contemporary interest it aroused—the alleged abduction of Elizabeth Canning. Lord Campbell called it "one of the most extraordinary cases of popular delusion on record." Fielding was concerned as a magistrate in taking evidence and believed in the girl; Voltaire, on the contrary, declared she was a humbug.

Among other articles the "Jewish Quarterly" contains an account of the Jewish reform movement in the United States.

Mr. J. Holland Rose has an exciting history of the "Unstamped Press," 1815-1836, in the "Historical Review." Mr. J. W. Headlam contributes an appreciation of that most burning and patriotic historian, the late Heinrich von Treitschke; and Mr. J. R. Tanner continues his detailed paper on naval administration in the days of Pepys.

The most notable piece in "Blackwood's Magazine" is Mr. Conrad's story of an island chieftain, "Karain." In the matter of fiction "Maga" has plunged deeply into the historical romance. Mr. Neil Munro starts his "Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorne," and Mr. Bernard Capes his "Adventures of the Comte de la Muette during the Reign of Terror."

In his article on Population in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for mid-October M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu sets out to prove that, after a certain degree of comfort is reached, the growth of the democratic sentiment tends to restrict the increase of population.

(For This Week's Books see page 508.)

*The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.*

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## London Diocesan Board of Education.

# AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Church-people of London; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

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## THE CLAIMS OF VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education, and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fail them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful indeed if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools' entitles, or larger bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

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Authorised Share Capital (already issued) £250,000 in 50,000 Shares of £5 each, fully paid.

This Debenture Stock will be registered in the books of the Trust and be issued and transferable in sums of not less than £10, or multiples of £10. Interest will be payable half-yearly on 1st January and 1st July in each year. The first payment of Interest calculated from the dates of payment of the respective instalments will be made on 1st January, 1898.

The Debenture Stock is issued at £102 per £100, and is redeemable by the Trust at £105 per £100 on the 1st day of January, 1912, but the Trust reserves to itself the right to redeem the whole, or any portion thereof, prior to that date at £107 per £100 on giving six months' notice of their intention to do so.

No Debentures or Debenture Stock can be created to rank in priority to, or pari passu with, the above authorised issue of £250,000.

#### PROSPECTUS.

THIS issue of Debenture Stock is made for the purpose of providing the additional capital required in consequence of the growth of the business of the Trust, and for the further development of the undertaking.

#### SECURITY.

The Debenture Stock will be secured as a first floating charge on the whole of the undertaking, and also on the other assets of the Trust of the value in the 31st December last, set forth in the Trust's Balance Sheet, of £388,563 5s. 7d. (in which amount no credit is taken for goodwill), and which has since been very considerably increased.

#### OBJECTS OF TRUST.

The Trust was formed in 1893 for the purpose of enabling newspaper proprietors and printers and others requiring machinery in the conduct of their business to acquire it on deferred terms, or on the rental or hire-purchase systems. The £250,000 Share Capital of the Trust has all been subscribed for in cash. No capital has been issued or paid away for the acquisition of patent or other rights, but the whole £250,000 has been applied exclusively in the development of the business. The Shares are officially quoted on the London Stock Exchange, and stand at £13 per £5 Share, or at a premium of £8 per Share.

Since its inception the operations of the Trust have assumed such large and increasing proportions as to necessitate the increase of working capital to cope with its growing business.

Machinery sold or let on hire remains the property of the Trust until payment has been received in full, or other security given; consequently the floating capital of the Trust practically remains intact, and the risk of bad debts is reduced to a minimum.

#### NETT PROFITS AND DIVIDENDS.

The Trust has shown, since its establishment in 1893, a steady and very satisfactory progress, the dividend having been in the first year 10 per cent., then 15 per cent., and since July, 1894, at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, the last dividend at this rate having been paid on the full amount of the £250,000 Share Capital. Having regard to the business of the year 1897 already completed, and to the current business in hand, the Directors are confident that the profits of the whole year (without relying on any increased profits to result from the employment of the additional working capital to be provided by this Debenture issue) will more than suffice to pay the Debenture Stock interest, without reducing the dividend on the Shares below the present rate of 20 per cent. As only £6,750 is required to pay the full year's interest on this Debenture Stock, it will be seen that it is amply secured.

#### PAST BUSINESS.

The business of the Trust has hitherto consisted chiefly of the sale or hire of Linotype machines to printers and newspaper owners in Great Britain, for which the Trust has the exclusive agency.

#### FUTURE BUSINESS.

It is proposed to extend the above business not only by following its normal growth on existing lines in Great Britain, but also to widen its scope, and deal in other classes of machinery, as well as printing plant and supplies required by the trade, but not at present dealt in by the Trust; and to open up business in the Colonies and abroad.

Already shipments of printing machinery have been made by the Trust to Holland, India, Australia, and New Zealand.

The Debenture Stock will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum payable half-yearly on the 1st January and 1st July, the first payment being made on the 1st January, 1898, on the instalments then paid up.

No larger Dividend than 20 per cent. will be paid on the Share Capital of the Trust until a Reserve Fund of £50,000 has been created.

As the present satisfactory profits have been secured to the Trust by the employment of the Share Capital of £250,000, it is fair to assume that the additional £150,000 now to be provided will yield correspondingly profitable results, and thereby enable the Reserve Fund of £50,000 to be speedily created.

#### CONDITIONS OF ISSUE.

If the whole of the Debenture Stock applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the amount paid on deposit, or such part thereof as will suffice, will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment, and applicants to whom no allotment is made will receive back their deposits in full.

Debenture Stock will be issued for £10, or multiples thereof, as may be desired. The instalments of the Debenture Stock will be payable as follows:—

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On Allotment	45	"
On the First Day of December, 1897	52	"

Copies of the Trust Deed to secure the Debenture Stock, the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and the last published Report, Balance-sheet, and Profit and Loss Account of the Trust for the year ended 31st December, 1896, can be seen at the Offices of the Trust, No. 189, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Applications must be made on the Form accompanying this Prospectus, and delivered with the deposit to the Bankers of the Trust, Messrs. Brown, Janson, and Co., 32, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C., on or before Saturday, the 6th November, 1897.

Application will be made in due course to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for quotation of this Debenture Stock in the official list.

Prospectus and forms of applications may be obtained at the Offices of the Trust, or from their Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

28th October, 1897. By order of the Board, R. MILLMAN MACKAY, Secretary.

The following are the particulars of the Company's Board of Officials:—

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LONDON: RIVINGTONS.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 6 November, 1897.